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MARY LEE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One eve, as Mary Lee and I
Were walking by the sea,
The last few moments hastened by
That e'er brought joy to me.
We spoke of how Fame ever wove
Merit's unfailing crown,
And much we said of hope and love,
While the red sun went down.

The sun went down; she pointed where
He shone on one strange cloud;
It seemed my image kneeling there
Before her image bowed.
Here was illumined by the beams
Which from the sun it caught;
But mine was dark as doubts or dreams,
Or unbelief or thought.

I turned and kissed her jewelled hands;
"Love me?" was all I said;
I knelt before her on the sands,
And silence for me pled.
The winning looks she erst had worn
When I was by her side,
Changed now to triumph joined with scorn,
And settled into pride.

Again she pointed to the cloud,
And bade me look once more.
I looked; her image seemed more proud
And splendid than before.
Moved by the wind, it grandly passed
And swept from mine away.
"Read there your answer;" were the last
Cold words I heard her say.

The wind blows roughly, Mary Lee!
Where once it was so calm:
The wind blows roughly by the sea,
And here alone I am.
"Read there your answer;" is the voice
Of wind and wave to me,
As here I stand where all life's joys
Were buried by the sea.

J. W. WILSON.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

A little man was striding about his library with impatient steps. He wore a wadded dressing-gown, handsome once, but remarkably shabby now, and he wrapped it closely round him, though the heat of the weather was intense. But Colonel Hope, large as were his coffers, never spent upon himself a superfluous farthing, especially in the way of personal adornment; and Colonel Hope would not have felt too warm, cased in sheepskins, for he had spent the best part of his life in India, and was of a chilly nature.

The colonel had that afternoon been made acquainted with an unpleasant transaction which had occurred in his house. The household termed it a mystery; he, a scandalous robbery: and he had written forthwith to the nearest chief police-station, demanding that an officer might be despatched back with the messenger, to investigate it. So there he was, waiting for their return in impatient expectation, and occasionally halting before the window, to look out on the busy London world.

The officer at length came, and was introduced. The colonel's wife, Lady Sarah, had joined him then; and they proceeded to give him the outline of the case. A valuable diamond bracelet, recently presented to Lady Sarah by her husband, had disappeared in a singular manner. Miss Seaton, the companion to Lady Sarah, had temporary charge of the jewel-box, and had brought it down the previous evening, Thursday, this being Friday, to the back drawing-room, and laid several pairs of bracelets out on a table, ready for Lady Sarah, who was going to the opera, to choose which she would wear when she came up from dinner. Lady Sarah chose a pair, and put, herself, the rest back into the box, which Miss Seaton then locked, and carried to its place upstairs. In the few minutes that the bracelets lay on the table, the most valuable one, a diamond, disappeared from it.

"I did not want this to be officially investigated; at least, not so quickly," observed Lady Sarah to the officer. "The colonel wrote for you quite against my wish."

"And so have let the thief get clear off, and put up with the loss!" cried the colonel. "Very fine, my lady."

"You see," added her ladyship, explaining to the officer, "Miss Seaton is a young lady of good family, not a common companion; a friend of mine, I may say. She is of feeble constitution, and this affair has so completely upset her, that I fear she will be laid on a sick bed."

"It won't be my fault if she is," retorted the colonel. "The loss of a diamond bracelet, worth two or three hundred guineas, is not to be hushed up. They are not to be bought every day, Lady Sarah."

The officer was taken to the room whence the bracelet disappeared. It presented nothing peculiar. It was a back drawing-room, the folding-doors between it and the front room standing open, and the back window, a large one, looking out upon some flat leads—as did all the row of houses. The officer seemed to take in the points of the double room at a glance: its door of communication, its two doors opening to the corridor outside, and its windows. He looked at the latches of the two entrance doors, and he leaned from the front windows, and he leaned from the one at the back. He next requested to see Miss Seaton, and Lady Sarah fetched her—a delicate girl with a transparent skin, looking almost too weak to walk. She was in a visible tremor, and shook as she stood before the stranger.

He was a man of pleasant manners and speech, and he hastened to assure her.—"There's nothing to be afraid of, young lady," said he, with a broad smile. "I am not an ogre; though I do believe some timid folks look upon us as such. Just please to compose yourself, and tell me as much as you can recollect of this."

"I put the bracelets out here," began Alice Seaton, laying hold of the table underneath the window, not more to indicate it than to steady herself, for she was almost incapable of standing. "The diamond bracelet, the one lost, I placed here," she added, touching the middle of the table at the back, "and the rest I laid out round, and before it."

"It was worth more than any of the others, I believe," interrupted the official.

"Much more," growled the colonel.

The officer nodded to himself, and Alice resumed.

"I left the bracelets, and went and sat down at one of the front windows—"

"With the intervening doors open, I presume."

"Wide open, as they are now," said Alice, "and the other two doors shut. Lady Sarah came up from dinner almost directly, and then the bracelet was not there."

"Indeed! You are quite certain of that."

"*I* am quite certain," interposed Lady Sarah. "I looked for that bracelet, and, not seeing it, I supposed Miss Seaton had not laid it out. I put on the pair I wished to wear, and placed the others in the box, and saw Miss Seaton lock it."

"Then you did not miss the bracelet at that time?" questioned the officer.

"I did not miss it in one sense, because I did not know it had been put out," returned her ladyship. "I saw it was not there."

"But did you not miss it?" he asked of Miss Seaton.

"I only reached the table as Lady Sarah was closing the lid of the box," she answered. "Lady Frances Chenevix had detained me in the front room."

"My sister," explained Lady Sarah. "She is on a visit to me, and had come with me up from dinner."

"You say you went and sat in the front room," resumed the officer to Alice, in a quicker tone than he had used previously; "will you show me where?"

Alice did not stir, she only turned her head towards the front room, and pointed to a chair a little drawn away from the window.

"In that chair," she said. "It stood as it stands now."

The officer looked baffled.

"You must have had the back room full in view from thence; both the door and the window."

"Quite so," replied Alice. "If you will sit down in it, you will perceive that I had uninterrupted view, and faced the doors of both rooms."

"I perceive so from here. And you saw no one enter?"

"No one did enter. It was impossible they could do so, without my observing it. Had either of the doors been only quietly unlatched, I must have seen."

"And yet the bracelet vanished!" interposed Colonel Hope. "They must have been confounded deep, whoever did it, but thieves are said to possess sleight of hand."

"They are clever enough for it, some of them," observed the officer.

"Rascally villains. I should like to know how they accomplished this."

"So should I," significantly returned the officer. "At present it appears to me incomprehensible."

There was a pause. The officer seemed to muse; and Alice, happening to look up, saw his eyes stealthily studying her face. It did not tend to reassure her.

"Your servants are trustworthy; they have lived with you some time?" resumed the officer, not apparently attaching much importance to what the answer might be.

"Were they all escaped convicts, I don't see that it would throw light on this," retorted Colonel Hope. "If they came into the room to steal the bracelet, Miss Seaton must have seen them."

"From the time you put out the bracelets, to that of the ladies coming up from dinner, how long was it?" inquired the officer of Alice.

"I scarcely know," panted she, for, what with his close looks and his close questions, she was growing less able to answer. "I did not take particular notice of the lapse of time; I was not well yesterday evening."

"Was it half an hour?"

"Yes—I dare say—nearly so."

"Miss Seaton," he continued, in a brisk tone, "will you have any objection to take an oath before a magistrate—in private, you know—that no person whatever, except yourself, entered either of these rooms during that period?"

Had she been requested to go before a magistrate and testify that she, herself, was the guilty person, it could scarcely have affected her more. Her cheek grew white, her lips parted, and her eyes assumed a beseeching look of terror. Lady Sarah Hope hastily pushed a chair behind her, and drew her down upon it.

"Really, Alice, you are very foolish to allow yourself to be excited about nothing," she remonstrated; "you would have fallen on the floor in another minute. What harm is there in taking an oath—and in a private room? You are not a Chartist, or a Mormon—or whatever the people call themselves, who profess to object to oaths, on principle."

The officer's eyes were still keenly fixed on Alice Seaton's, and she cowed visibly beneath his gaze.

"Will you assure *me*, on your sacred word, that no person did enter the room?" he repeated, in a low, firm tone; which somehow carried to her the terrible belief that he believed that she was trifling with him.

She looked at him; gasped, and looked again; and then she raised her handkerchief in her hand and wiped her damp and ashy face.

"I think some one did come in," whispered the officer in her ear: "try and recollect." And Alice fell back in hysterics.

Lady Sarah led her from the room, herself speedily returning to it.

"You see how weak and nervous Miss Seaton is," was her remark to the officer, but glancing at her husband. "She has been an invalid for years, and is not strong like other people. I felt sure we should have a scene of some kind, and that is why I wished the investigation not to be gone into hurriedly."

"Don't you think there are good grounds for an investigation, sir?" testily asked Colonel Hope of the officer.

"I must confess I do think so, colonel," was the reply.

"Of course: you hear, my lady. The difficulty is, how can we obtain the first clue to the mystery."

"I do not suppose there will be an insuperable difficulty," observed the officer. "I believe I have obtained one."

"You are a clever fellow, then," cried the colonel, if you have obtained it here. What is it?"

"Will Lady Sarah allow me to mention it—whatever it may be—without taking offence?" continued the officer, looking at her ladyship.

She bowed her head, wondering much.

"What's the good of standing upon ceremony?" peevishly put in Colonel Hope. "Her ladyship will be as glad as we shall be, to get back her bracelet; more glad, one would think. A clue to the thief! Who can it have been?"

The detective smiled. When men are as high in the police force as he, they have learned to give every word its due significance. "I did not say a clue to the thief, colonel: I said a clue to the mystery."

"Where's the difference?"

"Pardon me, it is indisputably perceptible. That the bracelet is gone, is a palpable fact; but by whose hands it went, is as yet a mystery."

"What do you suspect?"

"I suspect," returned the officer, lowering his voice, "that Miss Seaton knows how it went."

There was a silence of surprise; on Lady Sarah's part of indignation.

"Is it possible that you suspect *her?*" uttered Colonel Hope.

"No," said the officer, "I do not suspect herself: she appears not to be a suspicious person in any way: but I believe she knows who the delinquent is, and that fear, or some other motive, keeps her silent. Is she on familiar terms with any of the servants?"

"But you cannot know what you are saying!" interrupted Lady Sarah. "Familiar with the servants! Miss Seaton is a gentlewoman, and has always moved in high society. Her family is little inferior to mine; and better—better than the colonel's," concluded her ladyship, determined to speak out.

"Madam," said the officer, "you must be aware that in an investigation of this nature, we are compelled to put questions which we do not expect to be answered in the affirmative. Colonel Hope will understand what I mean, when I say that we called them 'feelers.' I did not expect to hear that Miss Seaton had been on familiar terms with your servants (though it might have been); but that question, being disposed of, will lead me to another. I suspect that some one did enter the room and make free with the bracelet, and that Miss Seaton must have been cognisant of it. If a common thief, or an absolute stranger, she would have been the first to give the alarm: if not on too familiar terms with the servants, she would be as little likely to screen them. So we come to the question—who could it have been?"

"May I inquire why you suspect Miss Seaton?" coldly demanded Lady Sarah.

"Entirely from her manner; from the agitation she displays."

"Most young ladies, particularly in our class of life, would betray agitation at being brought face to face with a police officer," urged Lady Sarah.

"My lady," he returned, "we are keen, experienced men; and we should not be fit for the office we hold if we were not. We generally do find lady witnesses betray uneasiness when first exposed to our questions, but in a very short time, often in a few moments, it wears off, and they grow gradually easy. It was not so with Miss Seaton. Her agitation, excessive at first, increased visibly, and it ended as you saw. I did not think it the agitation of guilt, but I did think it that of conscious fear. And look at the related facts: that she laid the bracelets there, never left them, no one came in, and yet the most valuable one vanished.—We have many extraordinary tales brought before us, but not quite so extraordinary as that."

The colonel nodded approbation; Lady Sarah began to feel uncomfortable.

"I should like to know whether any one called whilst you were at dinner," mused the officer. "Can I see the man who attends to the hall door?"

"Thomas attends to that," said the colonel, ringing the bell. "There is a side door, but that is only for the servants and tradespeople."

"I heard Thomas say that Sir George Danvers called while we were at dinner," observed Lady Sarah. "No one else. And Sir George did not go up stairs."

The detective smiled.

"If he had, my lady, it would have made the case no clearer."

"No," laughed Lady Sarah, "poor old Sir George would be puzzled what to do with a diamond bracelet."

"Will you tell me," said the officer, wheeling sharply round upon Thomas when he entered, "who it was that called here yesterday evening, while your master was at dinner? I do not mean Sir George Danvers; the other one."

Thomas visibly hesitated: and that was sufficient for the lynx-eyed officer. "Nobody called but Sir George, sir," he presently said.

The detective stood before the man, staring him full in the face with a look of amusement.

"Think again, my man," quoth he.—"Take your time. There was some one else."

The colonel fell into an explosion: reproaching the unfortunate Thomas with having eaten his bread for five years, to turn round upon the house and its master at last, and act the part of a deceitful, conniving wretch, and let in that swindler——

"He is not a swindler, sir," interrupted Thomas.

"Oh no, not a swindler," roared the colonel, "he only steals diamond bracelets."

"No more than I steal 'em, sir," again spoke Thomas. "He's not capable, sir. It was Mr. Gerard."

The colonel was struck speechless; his rage vanished, and down he sat in a chair, staring at Thomas. Lady Sarah colored with surprise.

"Now, my man," cried the officer, "why could you not have said it was Mr. Gerard?"

"Because Mr. Gerard asked me not to say he had been, sir; he is not friendly here, just now; and I promised him I would not. And I'm sorry to have had to break my word."

"Who is Mr. Gerard, pray?"

"He is my nephew," interposed the checkmated colonel, "Gerard Hope."

"But, as Thomas says, he is no swindler," remarked Lady Sarah, "he is not the thief. *You may go, Thomas.*"

"No, sir," stormed the colonel, "*fetch Miss* Seaton here first. I'll come to the bottom of this. If he has done it, Lady Sarah, I will bring him to trial; though he is Gerard Hope."

Alice came back, leaning on the arm of Lady Francis Chenevix; the latter having been dying with curiosity to come in before.

"So the mystery is out, ma'am," began the colonel to Miss Seaton; "it appears this gentleman was right, and that somebody did come in; and that somebody the rebellious Mr. Gerard Hope."

Alice was prepared for this, for Thomas had told her Mr. Gerard's visit was known; and she was not so agitated as before. It was the *fear* of its being found out, the having to conceal it, which had troubled her.

"It is not possible that Gerard can have taken the bracelet," uttered Lady Sarah.

"No, it is not possible," replied Alice. "And that is why I was unwilling to mention his having come up."

"What did he come for?" thundered the colonel.

"It was not an intentional visit. I believe he only followed the impulse of the moment. He saw me at the front window, and Thomas, it appears, was at the door, and he ran up."

"I think you might have said so, Alice," observed Lady Sarah, in a stiff tone.

"Knowing he had been forbidden the house, I did not wish to bring him under the colonel's displeasure," was all the excuse Alice could offer. "It was not my place to inform against him."

"I presume he approached sufficiently near the bracelets to touch them, had he wished?" observed the officer, who of course had now made up his mind upon the business—and upon the thief.

"Y—es," returned Alice, wishing she could have said No.

"Did you notice the bracelet there, after he was gone?"

"I cannot say I did. I followed him from the room when he left, and then I went into the front room, so that I had no opportunity of observing."

"The doubt is solved," was the mental comment of the detective officer.

The colonel, hot and hasty, sent several servants various ways in search of Gerard Hope, and he was speedily found and brought. A tall and powerful young man, very good-looking.

"Take him into custody, officer," was the colonel's impetuous command.

"Hands off, Mr. Officer—if you are an officer," cried Gerard, in the first shock of the surprise, as he glanced at the gentlemanly appearance of the other, who wore plain clothes, "you shall not touch me, unless you can show legal authority. This is a shameful trick. Colonel—excuse me—but as I owe nothing to you, I do not see that you have any such power over me."

The group would have made a fine study; especially Gerard, his head thrown back in defiance, and looking angrily at everybody.

"Did you hear me?" cried the colonel.

"I must do my duty," said the police-officer, approaching Gerard; "and for authority—you need not suppose I should act, if without it."

"Allow me to understand first," remarked Gerard, haughtily eluding the officer. "What is it for? What is the sum total?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds," growled the colonel. "But if you are thinking to compromise it in that way, young sir, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Oh, no fear," retorted Gerard, "I have not two hundred and fifty pence. Let me see; it must be Dobbs's. A hundred and sixty—how on earth do they slide the expenses up? I did it sir, to oblige a friend."

"The deuce you did!" echoed the colonel, who but little understood the speech, except the last sentence. "If ever I saw such a cool villain in all my experience!"

"He was awful hard up," went on Gerard, "as bad as I am now; and I did it. I don't deny having done such things on my own account, but from this particular one I did not benefit a shilling."

His cool assurance, and his words, struck them with consternation.

"Dobbs said he'd take care I should be put to no inconvenience—and this comes of it? That's trusting your friends. He vowed to me, this very week, that he had provided for the bill."

"He thinks it only an affair of debt!" screamed Lady Frances Chenevix. "Oh, Gerard! what a relief! we thought you were confessing."

"You are not arrested for debt, sir," cried the officer, "but for felony."

"For felony!" uttered Gerard Hope. "Oh, indeed! Could you not make it murder?" he added, sarcastically.

"Off with him to Marlborough street, officer," cried the exasperated colonel, "and I'll come with you and prefer the charge. He scoffs at it, does he?"

"Yes, that I do," answered Gerard; "for whatever pitfalls I may have got into, in the way of debt and carelessness, I have not gone into crime."

"You are accused, sir," said the officer, "of stealing a diamond bracelet."

"Hey!" uttered Gerard, a flash of intelligence rising to his face, as he glanced at Alice. "I might have guessed it was the bracelet affair, if I had had my recollection about me."

"Oh, ho," triumphed the colonel, in sneering jocularity, "as you expected it was the bracelet, *did you? We shall have it all out presently.*"

"I heard of the bracelet's disappearance," said Mr. Hope. "I met Miss Seaton when she was out this morning, and she told me it was gone."

"Better make no admissions," whispered the officer in his ear. "They may be used against you."

"Whatever admissions I may make, you are at liberty to use them, for they are truth," haughtily returned Gerard. "Is it possible that you do suspect me of taking the bracelet, or is this a joke?"

"Allow me to explain," panted Alice, stepping forward. "I—I—did not accuse you, Mr. Hope; I would not have mentioned your name in connexion with it, because I am sure you are innocent; but when it was discovered that you had been here, I could not deny it."

"The charging me with having taken it is absurdly preposterous," exclaimed Gerard, looking first at his uncle and then at the officer. "Who accuses me?"

"I do," said the colonel.

"Then I am very sorry it is not somebody else, instead of you, sir."

"Explain. Why?"

"Because they should get a kindly horse-whipping."

"Gerard," interrupted Lady Sarah, "do not treat it in that light way. If you did take it, say so, and you shall be forgiven. I am sure you must have been put to it terribly hard; only confess it, and the matter shall be hushed up."

"No it shan't, my lady," cried the colonel. "I will not have him encouraged—I mean, felony compounded."

"It shall," returned Lady Sarah—"it shall indeed. The bracelet was mine, and I have a right to do as I please. Believe me, Gerard, I will put up with the loss without a murmur: only confess, and let the worry be done with."

Gerard Hope looked at her: little trace of shame was there in his countenance. "Lady Sarah," he asked, in a deep tone, "can you indeed deem me capable of taking your bracelet?"

"The bracelet was there, sir, and it went; and you can't deny it," uttered the colonel.

"It was there, fast enough," answered Gerard. "I held it in my hand for two or three minutes, and was talking to Miss Seaton about it. I was wishing it was mine, and saying what I should do with it."

"Oh, Mr. Hope, pray say no more," involuntarily interrupted Alice. "You will make appearances worse."

"What do you want to screen him for?" impetuously broke forth the colonel, turning upon Alice. "Let him say what he was going to say."

"I do not know why I should not say it," Gerard Hope answered, in, it must be thought, a spirit of bravado or recklessness, which he disdained to check. "I said I should spout it."

"You'll send off to every pawnshop in the metropolis, before the night's over, Mr. Officer," cried the choking colonel, breathless with rage. "This beats brass."

"But I did not take it any the more for having said that," put in Gerard, in a graver tone. "The remark might have been made by any one, from a duke downwards, if reduced to his last shifts, as I am. I said *if* it were mine: I did not say I would steal to do it. Nor did I."

"I saw him put it down again," said Alice Seaton, in a calm, steady voice.

"Allow me to speak a word, colonel," resumed Lady Sarah, interrupting something her husband was about to say. "Gerard—I cannot believe you guilty; but consider the circumstances. The bracelet was there: you acknowledge it: Miss Seaton left the apartment when you did, and went into the front room: yet when I came up from dinner, it was there no longer."

The colonel would speak. "So it lies between you and Miss Seaton," he put in. "Perhaps you would like to make believe she appropriated it."

"No," answered Gerard, with a flashing eye. "*She* cannot be doubted. I would rather take the guilt upon myself than allow her to be suspected. Believe me, Lady Sarah, we are both innocent."

"The bracelet could not have gone without hands to take it, Gerard," replied Lady Sarah. "How else do you account for its disappearance?"

"I believe there must be some misapprehension, some great mistake in the affair altogether, Lady Sarah. It appears incomprehensible now, but it will be unravelled."

"Ay, and in double-quick time," wrathfully exclaimed the colonel. "You must think you are talking to a pack of idiots, Master Gerard. Here the bracelet was spread temptingly out on a table, you went into the room, being hard up for money, fingered it, wished for it, and both you and the bracelet disappeared. Sir!"—turning sharply round to the officer—"did a clearer case ever go before a jury?"

Gerard Hope bit his lip. "Be more just, colonel," said he. "Your own brother's son steal a bracelet!"

"And I am happy my brother's not alive to know it," rejoined the colonel, in an obstinate tone. "Take him in hand, Mr. Officer: we'll go to Marlborough street. I'll just change my coat, and—"

"No, no, you will not," cried Lady Sarah, laying hold of the dressing-gown and the colonel in it; "you shall not go, nor Gerard either. Whether he is guilty or not, it must not be brought against him publicly. He bears your name, colonel, and so do I, and it would reflect disgrace on us all."

"*Perhaps you are made of money, my lady. If so, you may put up with the loss of a two hundred and fifty guinea bracelet. I don't choose to do so.*"

"Then, colonel, you will; and you must. Sir," added Lady Sarah to the detective, "we are obliged to you for your attendance and advice, but it turns out to be a family affair, as you perceive, and we must decline to prosecute. Besides, Mr. Hope may not be guilty."

Alice rose, and stood before Colonel Hope. "Sir, if this charge were preferred against your nephew; if it came to trial; I think it would kill me. You know my unfortunate state of health; the agitation, the excitement of appearing to give evidence would be—I—I cannot continue; I cannot speak of it without terror; *I pray you*, for my sake, do not prosecute Mr. Hope."

The colonel was about to storm forth an answer, but her white face, her heaving throat, had some effect even on him.

"He is so doggedly obstinate, Miss Seaton. If he would but confess, and tell where it is, perhaps I'd let him off."

Alice thought somebody else was obstinate.

"I do not believe he has anything to confess," she deliberately said; "I truly believe that he has not. He could not have taken it, unseen by me: and when we quitted the room, I feel sure the bracelet was left in it."

"It was left in it, so help me Heaven!" uttered Gerard.

"And, now, I have got to speak," added Frances Chenevix. "Colonel, if you were to press the charge against Gerard, I would go before the magistrates, and proclaim myself the thief. I vow and protest I would; just to save him; and you and Lady Sarah could not prosecute me, you know."

"You do well to stand up for him!" retorted the colonel. "You would not be quite so ready to do it, though, my Lady Fanny, if you knew something I could tell you."

"Oh, yes, I should," returned the young lady, with a vivid blush.

The colonel, beset on all sides, had no choice but to submit; but he did so with an ill grace, and dashed out of the room with the officer, as fiercely as if he had been charging an enemy at full tilt.

"The sentimental apes these women make of themselves!" cried he, in his polite way, when he had got him in private. "Is it not a clear case of guilt?"

"In my private opinion, it certainly is," was the reply: "though he carries it off with a high hand. I suppose, colonel, you still wish the bracelet to be searched for?"

"Search in and out, and high and low; search everywhere. The rascal! to dare even to enter my house in secret!"

"May I inquire if the previous breach, with your nephew, had to do with money affairs?"

"No," said the colonel, turning more crusty

at the thoughts called up. "I fixed upon a wife for him, and he wouldn't have her; so I turned him out of doors and stopped his allowance."

"Oh," was the only comment of the police officer.

It was in the following week, and Saturday night. Thomas, without his hat, was standing at Colonel Hope's door, chatting to an acquaintance, when he perceived Gerard come tearing up the street. Thomas's friend backed against the rails and the spikes, and Thomas himself stood with the door in his hand, ready to touch his hair to Mr. Gerard, as he passed. Instead of passing, however, Gerard cleared the steps at a bound, pulled Thomas with himself inside, shut the door, and double-locked it.

Thomas was surprised in all ways. Not only at Mr. Hope's coming in at all, for the colonel had again harshly forbidden the house to him and the servants to admit him, but at the suddenness and strangeness of the action.

"Cleverly done," quoth Gerard, when he could get his breath. "I saw a shark after me, Thomas, and had to make a bolt for it. Your having been at the door saved me."

Thomas turned pale.

"Mr. Gerard, you have locked it, and I'll put up the chain, if you order me, but I'm afeared its going agin the law to keep out them detectives by force of arms."

"What's the man's head running on now?" returned Gerard. "There are no detectives after me: it was only a seedy sheriff's officer. Pshaw, Thomas! there's no worse crime attaching to me than a slight suspicion of debt."

"I'm sure I trust not, sir: only master will have his own way."

"Is he at home?"

"He's gone to the opera with my lady. The young ladies are up stairs alone. Miss Seaton has been ill, sir, ever since the bother, and Lady Frances is staying at home with her."

"I'll go up and see them. If they are at the opera, we shall be snug and safe."

"Oh, Mr. Gerard, had you better go up, do you think?" the man ventured to remark. "If the colonel should come to hear of it—"

"How can he? You are not going to tell him, and I am sure they will not. Besides, there's no help for it: I can't go out again, for hours. And, Thomas, if any demon should knock and ask for me, I am gone to—to an evening party up at Putney: went out, you know, by the side door."

Thomas watched him run up the stairs, and shook his head. "One can't help liking him, with it all: though where could the bracelet have gone to, if he did not take it?"

The drawing-rooms were empty, and Gerard made his way to a small room that Lady Sarah called her "boudoir." There they were: Alice buried in the pillows of an invalid chair, and Lady Frances careering about the room, apparently practising some new dancing step. She did not see him: Gerard danced up to her, and took her hand, and joined in it.

"Oh!" she cried, with a little scream of surprise, "you! Well, I have stayed at home to some purpose. But how could you think of venturing within these sacred and forbidden walls? Do you forget that the colonel threatens us with the terrors of the law, if we suffer it? You are a bold man, Gerard."

"When the cat's away, the mice can play," cried Gerard, treating them to a pas seul.

"Mr. Hope!" remonstrated Alice, lifting her feeble voice, "how can you indulge these spirits, while things are so miserable?"

"Sighing and groaning won't make them light," he answered, sitting down on a sofa near to Alice. "Here's a seat for you, Fanny; come along," he added, pulling Frances to his side. "First and foremost, has anything come to light about that mysterious bracelet?"

"Not yet," sighed Alice. "But I have no rest: I am in hourly fear of it."

"*Fear!*" uttered Gerard, in astonishment.

Alice winced, and leaned her head upon her hand: she spoke in a low tone.

"You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been productive of so much pain and annoyance to me, that I wish it could be ignored for ever."

"Though it left me under a cloud," said Gerard. "You must pardon me if I cannot agree with you. My constant hope is, that it may all come to daylight; I assure you I have specially mentioned it in my prayers."

"Pray don't, Mr. Hope!" reproved Alice.

"I'm sure I have cause to mention it, for it is sending me into exile; that and other things."

"It is the guilty only who flee, not the innocent," said Frances. "You don't mean what you say, Gerard."

"Don't I! There's a certain boat advertised to steam from London bridge wharf to-morrow, wind and weather permitting, and it steams me with it. I am compelled to fly my country."

"Be serious, and say what you mean."

"Seriously, then, I am over head and ears in debt. You know my uncle stopped my allowance in the spring, and sent me—metaphorically—to the dogs. It got wind; ill news always does; I had a few liabilities, and they have all come down upon me. But for this confounded bracelet affair, there's no doubt the colonel would have settled them; rather than let the name of Hope be dubiously bandied by the public, he would have expended his ire in growls, and then gone and done it. But that is over now; and I go to take up my abode in some renowned colony for desolate English, beyond the pale of British lock-ups. Boulogne, or Calais, or Dieppe, or Brussels: I shall see; and there I may be kept for years."

Neither of the young ladies answered immediately; they saw the facts were serious, and that Gerard was only making light of it before them.

"How shall you live?" questioned Alice. "You must live there as well as here; you cannot starve."

"I shall just escape the starving. I have got a trifle; enough to swear by, and keep me on potatoes and salt. Don't you envy me my prospects?"

"When do you suppose you may return?" inquired Lady Frances; "I ask it seriously, Gerard."

"I know no more than you, Fanny. I have expectations but from the colonel. Should he ever relent, I am caged there for good."

"And so you have ventured here to tell us this, and bid us good-by?"

"No! I never thought of venturing here: how could I tell that the bashaw would be at the opera? A shark set on me in the street, and I had to run for my life. Thomas happened to be conveniently at the door, and I rushed in, and saved myself."

"A shark!" uttered Alice, in dismay, who in her inexperience had taken the words literally—"a shark in the street!"

Lady Frances Chenevix laughed.

"One with sharp eyes, and a hooked nose, Alice, speeding after me on two legs, with a polite invitation from one of the law lords. He is watching outside now."

"How shall you get away?" exclaimed Frances.

"If the bashaw comes home before twelve, Thomas must dispose of me somewhere in the lower regions; Sunday is free for us, thank goodness. So please to make the most of me, both of you, for it is the last time you will have the privilege. By the way, Fanny, will you do me a favor? There used to be a little book of mine in the glass bookcase, in the library; my name in it, and a mottled cover; I wish you would go and find it for me."

Lady Frances left the room with alacrity. Gerard immediately bent over Alice, and his tone changed.

"I have sent her away on purpose. She'll be half an hour rummaging, for I have not seen the book there for ages. Alice, one word before we part. You must know that it was for your sake I refused the marriage proposed to me by my uncle; you will not let me go into banishment without a word of hope; a promise of your love to lighten it."

"Oh, Gerard," she eagerly said, "I am so glad you have spoken; I almost think I should have spoken myself, if you had not. Just look at me."

"I am looking at you," he fondly answered.

"Then look at my hectic face; my constantly tired limbs; my sickly hands; do they not plainly tell you that the topics you would speak of, must be barred topics to me?"

"Why should they be? You will get stronger."

"Never. There is no hope of it. Many years ago, when the illness first came upon me, the doctors said I might grow better with time; but the time has come, and come, and come, and—gone; and only left me a more confirmed invalid. To an old age I cannot live; most probably but a few years; ask yourself, Gerard, if I am one who ought to marry, and leave, behind, a husband to regret me; perhaps children. No, no."

"You are cruel, Alice."

"The cruelty would be, if I selfishly allowed you to talk of love to me; or, still more selfishly, let you cherish hopes that I would marry. When you hinted at this, the other evening, the evening that wretched bracelet was lost, I reproached myself with cowardice, in not answering more plainly than you had spoken. I should have told you, Gerard, as I tell you now, that nothing, no persuasion from the dearest person on earth, shall ever induce me to marry."

"You dislike me, I see that."

"I did not say so," answered Alice, with a glowing cheek. "I think it very possible that—if I could allow myself ever to dwell on such things—I should like you very much; perhaps better than I could like any one."

"*And why will you not?*" he persuasively uttered.

"Gerard, I have told you. I am too weak and sickly to be other than I am. It would be a sin, in me, to indulge hopes of it; it would only be deceiving myself and you. No, Gerard, my love and hopes must lie elsewhere."

"Where?" he eagerly asked.

Alice pointed upwards.

"I am learning to look upon it as my home," she whispered, "and I must not suffer hindrances to obscure the way. It will be a better home than even your love, Gerard."

Gerard Hope smiled.

"*Even* than my love; Alice, you like me more than you admit. Unsay your words, my dearest, and give me hope."

"Do not vex me," she resumed, in a pained tone; "do not seek to turn me from my duty. I—I—though I scarcely like to speak of these sacred things, Gerard—*I have put my hand on the plough:* even you cannot turn me back."

He did not answer; he only played with the hand he held between both of his.

"Tell me one thing, Gerard: it will be safe. Was not the dispute about Frances Chenevix?"

He contracted his brow; and nodded.

"And you could refuse her! You must learn to love her, for she would make you a good wife."

"Much chance there is now of my making a wife of any one!"

"Oh, this will blow over in time: I feel it will. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile you destroy every hopeful feeling I thought to take, to cheer me in my exile," was his impatient interruption. "I love you alone, Alice; I have loved you for months, truly, fervently, and I know you must have seen it."

"Love me still, Gerard," she softly answered, "but not with the love you would give to one of earth; the love you will give—I hope—to Frances Chenevix. Think of me as one rapidly going; soon to be gone."

"Oh, not yet!" he cried, in an imploring tone, as if it were as she willed.

"Not just yet: I hope to see you return from exile. Let us say farewell while we are alone."

She spoke the last sentence hurriedly, for footsteps were heard. Gerard snatched her to him, and laid his face upon hers.

"What cover did you say the book had?" demanded Frances Chenevix of Gerard, who was then leaning back on the sofa, apparently waiting for her. "A mottled? I cannot see one anything like it."

"No? I am sorry to have given you the trouble, Fanny. It has gone, perhaps, amongst the 'have-beens.'"

"Listen," said Alice, removing her hand from before her face, "that was a carriage stopped. Can they be come home?"

Frances and Gerard flew into the next room, whence the street could be seen. A carriage had stopped, but not at their house. "It is too early for them yet," said Gerard.

"I am sorry things go so cross just now with you, Gerard," whispered Lady Frances. "You will be very dull, over there."

"Ay; fit to hang myself, if you know all. And the bracelet may turn up, and Lady Sarah be sporting it on her arm again, and I never know that the cloud is off me. No chance that any of you will be at the trouble of writing to a fellow."

"I will," said Lady Frances. "Whether the bracelet turns up, or not, I will write you sometimes, if you like, Gerard, and give you all the news."

"You are a good girl, Fanny," returned he, in a brighter accent, "and I will send you my address as soon as I have got one. You are not to turn proud, mind, and be off the bargain, if you find its an cinquieme."

Frances laughed. "Take care of yourself, Gerard."

So Gerard Hope got clear off into exile. Did he pay his expenses with the proceeds of the diamond bracelet?

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

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TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORENCE PERCY.—As a further answer to the inquiries respecting this lady, we may be pardoned for quoting the following paragraphs in a recent letter from her:—

"I suspect I am a poor hand at elucidation. I can only say that I *haven't* even 'an *old* man for a husband.' I wish I had. I have the highest regard for *old* men. The trouble is that as soon as men get good enough—human enough—in short *old* enough, to be endurable as husbands, they are very apt to be metamorphosed into brisk young angels—that is they *die of old age!* If your inquisitive correspondent is anywhere in the vicinity of that dignity, I may be induced to think of him. * * * Inquiring friends are assured that I am 'a cricket in the hearth,' *hearth*, but never seen;—and not only so—but I have no startling 'Ideal' of romance and moonbeams;—my 'castle in the air' the only 'dream of happiness' for which I look and hope, is composed chiefly of *home and fire light.* Heaven keep 'em warm and bright!"

SUSPICH. We have inclosed your letter to the party of whom you complain, and asked an explanation. You should, however, always write over your real name and not anonymously, when making such charges. A moment's reflection will show you the fairness of this.

THE BURNING OF THE AUSTRIA.

The daily papers have been crowded with the details of the appalling conflagration of the steamship Austria, one of the New York and Hamburg line of ocean steamers. Out of six hundred passengers on board, mostly German emigrants, only sixty-seven appear to have been saved! The fire broke out in mid-ocean at a few minutes past two o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th of September, and spread with dreadful rapidity. It is thought that many, if not all, of the passengers might have been saved but for the inefficiency of the chief officers of the ship, particularly the captain, who seems to have been stricken with the general panic. The only exception was the chief engineer, Von Morgenstern, who from first to last was a hero, and died a hero's death in the effort to stop the ship's engines, having perished in the suffocating smoke below. One reason of the great loss of life was the absence of sufficient boats to convey the passengers from the vessel, and especially the want of life preservers. The fire is said to have originated in an attempt to fumigate the steerage. To do this, a pot of tar was carried between decks, into which a heated chain was dipped to produce smoke. The chain was so hot that it set the tar on fire, and the pot falling to the deck instantly enveloped everything below in a sheet of flame. The general terror which at once spread among the passengers seems to have been increased to frenzy by the conduct of the terrified captain, who, suddenly awakened from sleep, rushed upon deck exclaiming, "My God, we are all lost,"—and, one statement says, in attempting to lower a boat,—let it be hoped, to assist in saving his passengers,—fell overboard and was drowned.

The details given by the survivors are absolutely heart-rending. One gentleman, Mr. Alfred Vezin, of Philadelphia, describes the scene on board the ill-fated vessel, after the fire was discovered, as terribly painful, especially among the steerage and second cabin passengers. The ladies in the first cabin were, he says, very quiet, with but a few exceptions. In one case, he saw the clothes burnt off the person of a lady before she could be induced to take to the water. A number of the females became deranged from fright, and their peals of insane laughter added to the terror of the scene. Nor was this distraction confined to the ladies. Mr. Vezin saw one gentleman running about the stern of the boat wringing his hands in frenzy, while his wife stood calmly by, awaiting the fate which she could not avoid.

Only six women are said to have been saved! Mr. Vezin is confident that there were but few, if any, life-preservers on board the Austria. He examined his own state-room several times without finding any. Those who attempted to sustain themselves with chairs and stools found them of no use.

Mr. Sven Petersen, a Swede, says:—

"I was standing on the forecastle, and saw fire and smoke coming through the hatches; immediately the greatest confusion arose among the passengers, and there was a general rush for the life-boats. There were eight life-boats—four on each side of the steamer; but three of those on the starboard side, capable of containing fifty persons each, could not be used, on account of the dense smoke, which rendered it impossible to reach them. Five boats were cut adrift for the use of the passengers.—The first mate, Harr, cut the tackle of one of the life-boats, when it was filled to excess, and the boat was immediately swamped, with all of the persons in it. I have very little doubt that, if the engine had been stopped at once, on the first discovery of the fire, a large number of the passengers might have been saved."

But the engine could not be stopped, for the engineers were smothered by the smoke below. Mr. Petersen further says:—

"The buckets on the steamer were all chained and locked up, and, therefore, useless when they were wanted. There were about four dozen of them on the spar deck and as many more on the forecastle. If these buckets had been within reach, and briskly used, the fire could have been extinguished in a short time. The quartermaster left the wheel at the helm as soon as the fire was discovered, and was not seen afterwards.

"A Mr. Masury, an invalid, was suffocated by the smoke. Von Morgenstern, the first engineer, was seen going down to shut off the steam, shortly after the fire broke out, and it is supposed that he was smothered, as he did not reappear. There were about one hundred pounds of powder in the magazine to fire signals with, and when the fire reached it the powder exploded, killing a great many.

"Many persons were unable to leave their rooms at all. One man was seen with his head thrust through a port-hole, unable to get further, while the sheets of fire ran bursting over all parts of the ship, all around him. The first, second, and third officers are said to have been saved; all the others perished. Several men were hauled up out of the second cabin, and reported that many then were already smothered. Before the survivors left, they think that all who were below deck must have expired. The heat was, from the first, intense. The flames spread like lightning, overtaking those who tried to escape. Those who took refuge in the chains, as many as could gain a foothold, were soon driven off by the heat. The communication between fore and aft was cut off entirely within five minutes from the time the fire broke out."

Mr. Charles Brew, of England, says:—

"I went to the man at the wheel, and told him to put the vessel with her side to the wind. He hesitated—probably did not understand me, as he was a native of Hamburg. I then got a German gentleman to speak to him. At this I saw some persons letting down the boat on the port side of the quarter-deck. What became of the boat I don't know, but think she was crushed under the screw. I then went to get a boat over from the starboard side of the quarter-deck, but the moment we laid our hands on the ropes, there were so many who crowded into it that we could not lift it off the blocks.

"We therefore left it for a few minutes until the people got out, when we returned and launched it over the sides of the ship, when the people, *all rushing into it again, it descended with great violence into the water, and it* was instantly swamped, all the people being washed out excepting those who held on to the sides.

"At this time the scene on the quarter deck was indescribable, and truly heart-rending. Passengers were rushing frantically to and fro; husbands seeking their wives—wives in search of their husbands—relatives looking after relatives—mothers lamenting the loss of their children—some wholly paralyzed with fear, others madly crying to be saved—but a few perfectly calm and collected.

"The flames pressed so closely upon them that many jumped into the sea; relatives clasped in each other's arms, leaped over and met a watery grave. Two girls, supposed to be sisters, jumped overboard, and sunk kissing each other.

"A missionary and his wife leaped into the sea together, and the stewardess and assistant steward, arm in arm, followed.

"One Hungarian gentleman, with seven fine children, four of them girls, made his wife jump in, then blessed his six eldest children, made them jump in one after the other, and followed them with an infant in his arms."

Such are a few of the details of this dreadful tragedy, a tragedy which, it is painful to think, might have been averted had the officers of the vessel been at all equal to the emergency. One of the most painful features of the hour was, that of two vessels within speaking distance of the steamer, one steered away from the burning vessel, regardless of the signals of distress. The other, the French barque Maurice, bore down, and saved all the passengers that are known to have been saved—its commander, Captain Renaud, acting with the tenderest humanity, giving what clothes he could to the naked, and dressing the wounds and burns which many of the survivors had received.

A Norwegian barque arrived at the scene of the disaster on the morning following, and a boat from her was seen going around the smouldering ship. It is possible therefore that a few more passengers may have been picked up, though probably but a few.

BUSINESS IMPROVING.—At last there seems to be an opening of blue in the dull expanse of gray which so long has covered the sky. Merchants of this city doing what is called the "near" trade, tell us they never did a finer Fall business—there being any reasonable amount of customers, and payments prompt. One large firm say that recently every one about their store who could sell goods, even including the porter, was so employed—and suggest that there is an opening for two or three more good houses in their line.

When after a long period of cloudy weather, you see a strip of blue, say the weatherwise, "large enough to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches," look out for a rapid dispersal of the clouds, and the speedy breaking forth of the enlivening sun. So may it be in this case!

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 206—Adults 97, and children 103.

THE CHINESE AND POLITICS.—A recent traveller in China, commenting upon the indifference of the Chinese as to any political movement short of a revolution, relates that at one time, when he had been vainly trying at an inn, to get up a little discussion on politics, one of these worthy Chinese, getting up from his seat, came and laid his two hands on his shoulders, in a manner quite paternal, and said, smiling rather ironically, "Listen to me, my friend; why should you trouble your heart, and fatigue your head, by all these vain surmises? The mandarins have to attend to affairs of state—they are paid for it. Let them earn their money, then. But do not let us torment ourselves about what does not concern us. We should be great fools to want to do political business for nothing."

We apprehend that an indifference to politics resembling that described above, is spreading somewhat in this country. We often meet with intelligent men who profess the utmost indifference to the whole matter. The reason they give, however, is not "let the mandarins (office-holders) earn their money,"—but that it is of no use to interfere. "To turn out one set of rogues, and put in another," is, in their view, the sum of what is generally achieved in politics. And in support of that view, they instance not a few facts—such, for instance, as the following statement of the *New York Tribune's*, based upon a recent official investigation in that city:—

"It seems that almost without exception, the City Government, in all its branches, is desperately rotten and corrupt; that *the rule is thievery, and the exception honesty.* That all these things have been going on under the knowledge and with the connivance of *whatever party happened for the time being to be dominant in its branch of the Government, is beyond doubt.*"

The Chinese Americans agree, in short, that if all the corruption were in any one party, it might be overcome—but if the corrupt element is so prevalent, that it gets the rule and has the say in all parties, over the more virtuous and intelligent element, then what is to be done? Will anything, they ask, short of school-houses, churches, and true Christianity remedy an evil so deeply seated and so widely spread? It seems to us there is some force in this reasoning; at least sufficient to excuse in a degree the indifference of those urging it to politics, especially if they compensate for such indifference by their devotion to education and other good causes.

A CURIOUS HABIT.—Mr. G. P. R. James is in the habit of dictating his novels, as he says he finds that much easier than writing them with his own hand. A review of "*Lord Montagu's Page*" in the "*Richmond South*," says:—

Mr. James *dictates* his stories, and pours forth complex sentences with a precision of diction which is not less surprising than the careful finish of the gorgeous pictures which he scatters in richest profusion through his pages. He dashes on, pacing his short quarter-deck sort of walk, and sending forth word after word, sentence after sentence, with the marvellous facility which is peculiarly his own.

When Mr. James was in this city recently, we questioned him as to the truth of the above statement. He said it was correct, and that he found it so much easier to dictate to an amanuensis than to write his novels with his own hand, that he could never voluntarily return to the common custom. To dictate a novel, to most people, seems to be to add an additional *difficulty to the composition; but in Mr. James's* case, he must possess a peculiar faculty which renders that an aid which strikes people generally as an impediment.

—— Since writing the above, an article in a contemporary has called our attention to some of Sir Walter Scott's views and practices respecting authorship, which are interesting in this connection. In one of those introductory epistles to his works which the great novelist took advantage of to convey his own views in answer to certain of his critics, he vindicates himself from the charge of writing too much and publishing too hastily. He says:—"The works and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity; and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others, and commended as more highly finished, I could appeal to pen and standish that the parts in which I have come feebly off were by much the more labored." In accordance with this view, he further held, that "the best authors in all countries have been the most voluminous."

More apropos still, we are reminded that the far greater portion of the Bride of Lammermoor, the whole of the Legend of Montrose, and almost the whole of Ivanhoe, were *dictated* from a bed of great bodily pain as well as sickness. John Ballantyne, who was one of his amanuenses on these occasions, reported that though Scott "often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, he usually continued the sentence in the same breath."

A SINGULAR SECT.—It is stated in the Abbé Domenich's "Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico," that there is a singular sect in those parts called the "Vaudoux," who do not scruple to use poisonous drugs and perfumes of a very subtle character, known only to themselves. Both Mexicans and Negroes are described as belonging to the Vaudoux. The Abbé says:

This sect so inspires the terror of the colored population and the negroes who belong to it, that you cannot get them to procure personal and direct information regarding these mysterious practices. What they say about them is so extraordinary, that no reliance can be placed in it. I have frequently seen at New Orleans in the sequestered streets of the Suburb Treme, boxes of tinned iron full of oil, and containing a square-cut stone, the size of which varies with the box. They were placed at nightfall on the window-sills, but it was long before I could get any person to explain to me the reason for the boxes being there. No one remarked them; and it was only during the latter days of my stay at Texas I found them out to be specifics against the witchery of the Vaudoux.

Probably all this is news to our readers in the South West—though if such little boxes, full of oil, &c., are exposed for sale, doubtless some one besides the Abbé has seen them.

ANNAN, A NOVEL, by the AUTHOR OF "IDA MAY," (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) is a story of Revolutionary times, the scene laid in Pennsylvania. It is written with much power, and is very interesting, though ending mournfully.

"THE DIAMOND BRACELET."—A brilliant story that, is it not? It strikes us, moreover, reader, that nearly all the stories in THE POST this year have been remarkably fine ones. We think it would puzzle any one to bring together a finer collection—of course, always excepting ourselves, who invariably eclipse one year what we have done the last. Next year, with the arrangements we have made, both for original and selected matter, we expect to eclipse ourselves even a little more than usual. Excelsior!

New Publications.

LEGENDS AND LYRICS, by ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is the title of a book of verse by the daughter of the English poet, popularly known as Barry Cornwall. Many of the poems are juvenile and mediocre, but the best among them show a fine poetic genius, of the reflective rather than the imaginative order. The pieces entitled "A False Genius," "A Woman's Question," "A Doubting Heart," "The Unknown Grave," "A Shadow," and "A Retrospect," which have enjoyed an extensive circulation through the newspapers, very well represent the merits of the volume. We think the best poem of all is one entitled "A Tomb in Ghent," in which occurs a gorgeously pictorial description of a cathedral, fit to bind up with Keats and Tennyson for immortality.

VESTIGES OF THE SPIRIT-HISTORY OF MAN, by S. F. DENLAP, MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY, NEW HAVEN, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is a large volume, the design of which is to trace the world's religions and religious ideas to their origin, and to establish their connections and identities with each other. It is, however, in the main only a somewhat chaotic collection of facts, from which the reader is left to draw his own inferences. But the author's conviction is, that the religious thought of the race grows like a plant, and that all religious systems are developments of preceding systems, a gradual progress being constantly maintained.

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

DOWAGIAC, Michigan, Sept. 16th, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Evening Post:

Dear Sir—Two events, or advents, have broken in upon the monotony of village life this summer—the coming of the Circus and Van Amburgh's Menagerie. The latter was the more popular show, I think; it sucked in all the country around, like a tremendous whirlpool. We all went, and saw more than was set down in the bills. Whole families were there, from the gray-haired grand sire of eighty, to the babe at the breast—and representative men of many nations and classes; the rough backwoodsman, the village dandy, the native American rowdy, effulgent in his fireman's shirt of red flannel, smoking, crowding, swearing—(a finished Philadelphia Jakey could not have done the character better,) the Irish emigrant, with his dudeen in his hat, the burly Englishman, the German, meerschaum in hand, the Indian, the half-breed, the clergyman, the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant and the judge. Boys in all varieties of that troublesome *and fractious animal, were there; girls of all imaginable sizes,* hooped and unhooped; grave papas and anxious mammas, curious as the children, and remorselessly bent upon having their quarter's worth out of the foreign beasts, though at the immediate expense of their suffering fellow citizens. We even beheld, gazing with pensive interest upon the magnificent elephant Hannibal, a bereaved couple, the funeral services of whose child had been held that morning at the church. It is to be hoped that they received the consolation they sought.

I was most interested in observing the Indians. They were of the Pottawattamies, who have a small settlement some five miles from here. They showed no vulgar eagerness of astonishment, but strolled about with a proud indifference of manner. You would have supposed that they had been hand-in-glove all their lives with lions and leopards—neither the elephant nor the baboon seemed distinguished strangers to them; the gnu was no novelty, the ostrich no *rara avis.*

One stalwart Indian I noticed, who seemed a model to his people of the domestic virtues—as, throughout the show, he tenderly carried his papoose in his arms. He was dressed in the decent garb of a white citizen, with one eccentric exception—a melancholy, dilapidated black, ostrich-plume, which he wore in his hat. It was the last dying signal of the "old man" of heathenism, the last evanishing trait of savages, the "tail end" of departing barbarism.

Our little daughter was pleasantly excited, but not overwhelmed. She recognized most of the animals from their portraits in her little books, and was neither frightened nor shocked by anything. On the contrary, she was most kindly and familiarly inclined toward lions, bears, hyenas and catamounts—expressing an amiable desire to pat the elephant, ride the zebra, and stroke the royal Bengal tiger.

One pleasant Sunday morning lately, we attended High Mass in the Catholic chapel, which stands in a beautiful, retired spot on a little river, in the neighborhood of our friend Cowles. The chapel is a very primitive structure, built of logs, and so low that only children can stand upright in the gallery. It is hung round with coarse prints of saints and martyrs, suffering prolonged flagellation by means of these cruel cuts—stoned and beheaded anew by murderous lithographs. Beside the altar, in a rude little shrine, stands a plaster image of the Virgin, bedecked with artificial flowers and tinsel. She is almost too small for her ornaments, yet I doubt not there is as much divine virtue in her as in Our Lady of Loretto, or the great and rich Roman Madonna of the San Augustino—just as much.

The chapel was fearfully crowded with Indians, half-breeds and Irish, the latter mostly of the humblest class. It seemed to me, as I looked in upon them, that as many grown people as could possibly sit or stand in the building, had been packed into it, and firmly wedged with small boys and girls, and that

afterwards, an indefinite number of babies had been sifted down into the interstices. How they made room for us three ladies must be a mystery to me forever. Yet places *were* made near the altar, and when we reached them, and the "Red Sea" of Indian faces and Irish heads closed behind us, we dared not think of getting out again till all should be over. To our dismay, we found that no air was allowed to enter that forest sanctuary, except through the little door, which was nearly blocked up by humble outside worshippers. Every window was closed, curtained, and, apparently, hermetically sealed. The air was horrible, and every moment grew more insufferable; I waited impatiently for the swinging of the censers, but they were probably out of incense, as none were swung. There was sore need of some such atmospheric purification, for such odors as arose around us were never encountered out of Cologne, the city of the thirty thousand distinct smells—not counting the genuine Franz Maria Farina. The *odor Americanus* could easily be distinguished from the *odor Hibernicus*. The former had a rank, swampy, vegetable quality—the latter was strong, unctuous, the exudation of Green Isle—the essence of animal strength and coarse Celticism.

The priest who officiated was a young Belgian, and was assisted by an aboriginal accolyte, by the Church named Dominic, by birth one of the family of Pokagon. Within the chancel sat three other Indians, who chanted the service; this they did with considerable power of lungs, but with less zeal, I fear, than their fathers sung the war-song. There was one tall, broad-chested fellow among them who had a tremendous voice; but being too indolent or indifferent to open wide enough the great bronze portals of his mouth, vast volumes of sound escaped through the nose. There was a sullenness about the solemnity of this man, and an unconquerable look of barbarism, in spite of his Christian coat and trowsers, and the devout disposal of his sleek, black locks.—You felt that civilisation sat uncomfortably upon him, and that *he* secretly felt that he ought to be in better business than he was here engaged in—ought to be leading in the war-path, or the war-dance, or to be chasing the panting deer among the mountains, or following a mighty herd of buffalo—a black, thunderous cloud rolling over some heaven-wide prairie of the west.

During the service, the choruses struck us as rather discordant and irregular. They were executed by the babies before-mentioned, and consisted of cries, shrieks, shrill threats and piteous entreaties. At length it became a perfect infantile Babel, and the *padre* was obliged before commencing his sermon, to insist on the removal of the most noisy and unmanageable. I observed that the dusky little rioters were all half-breeds, the pure-blooded Indian babies lying in utter quiet against the maternal breast, or sitting in wondering, wide-eyed stillness, on the grand-maternal knee. By this, it would seem that no breeding was better than half breeding. We often had occasion to notice this preternatural quietness and subordination in Indian children during our stay at La Pointe, Lake Superior, three summers ago, attending a great Indian payment. Wigwams were pitched all about us, and we were overrun with wild "olive branches," but neither distracted nor annoyed. The little savages out-christianed all the Christian children I have ever seen in obedience, peaceableness, and general good behaviour. The wigwam nearest the agency belonged to a black man, who had married an Indian woman, and their children thus, as we used to say, beyond the two poles of civilization, though playing about our door constantly, never troubled us in any way. But, to return to our little forest chapel: The young priest's sermon was a very sensible affair, and delivered in a kind and Christian spirit. The English was slightly dislocated here and there, but that was of little consequence, and probably was not laid up against him by many of his audience. After the sermon, followed a little catechetical exercise, which I regret to say, partook of the nature of a failure; then the administration of the holy sacrament, a rite under all circumstances, solemn and impressive, but which here, was something peculiarly touching. So strange it was to see such widely different children of men gathered together in the wide, embracing arms, folded together under the voluminous scarlet mantle of old Mother Church. It was a scene full of profound and poetic suggestions. The young Irish emigrant, with memories of "the ould counthry" softening to tears his merry blue eyes, knelt by the side of the gray-haired Indian, who must remember the time when these great hunting grounds belonged to his people, and the face of a white man was a rare and hated sight.

In this harmonizing, comprehensive acceptance and protection, this unslumbering, ubiquitous care of her flock, even of the wild sheep of the wilderness, lies the great secret of the power and perpetuity of the Roman Catholic church. This much I will say of the little mixed flock of this forest-fold;—they looked happier, healthier, more intelligent, they were better dressed and cleaner, than many of the peasants *I* used to see kneeling in the great nave of St. Peter's, when the Pope officiated at the high ceremonies of the church.

Again we dined with our friends, the Cowles, spent an hour or two very happily with them, and drove home in the cool of a breezy afternoon. The pleasantest portion of the way lay through a noble oak wood, the more lovely and the more regretted that it was succeeded by one of those desolate tracts known only to the west, a space of girdled woodland. There is something almost awful in passing through one of these spectral forests at night—to see the pale, leafless trees looking unnaturally tall, stretching out their trembling arms in piteous protestation. If there be a high wind blowing, their movements and attitudes seem full of warning and menace—they creak and groan ominously with a weird, skeleton like rattling of their dry, old limbs.

The great swamp which lay in our way, can only be crossed by that ancient and much-execrated institution, a corduroy road. Like all of its kind, it is a great test of temper and back-bone; yet we should have found it more endurable had it not been for the chasms, the breaks, the corduroy breaches which every now and then jolted us almost off our seats. Our consolation was in feasting our eyes upon the mighty multitude of wild-flowers which hemmed in the road on either side, and made it look like a narrow strip of text, running down the page of an illuminated missal. There were acres of *Impatiens*, (*anglice* Touch-me-nots) hosts of the white-tufted *Erechtites, Hieracifolius*, or Fire-weed, a plant which always comes up on ground that has been burned over, and seems to be in mourning for the calamity in the Judean fashion, with ashes on its head;—and a whole stationary sun-rise of the *Helianthus occidentalis*. But loveliest and most glorious of all, glowed here and there, the radiant Cardinal-flower, lighting and warming the cool of the green darkness with spires of floral flame. Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

MERMEN AND MERMAIDS.

Mr. F. T. Buckland, a relative of the distinguished naturalist of that name, gives an account in a London journal of a recent visit of his to a "Merman" exhibition in that city. He says "the creature was from three to four feet long. The upper part of its body was composed of the head, arms, and trunk of a monkey, and the lower part of a fish, which appeared to me to be a common hake: and the head was really a wonderful composition: the parchment-like, hideous ears stood well forward, the skin of the nose when soft had been moulded into a decided specimen of the snub, the forehead was wrinkled into a frown, and the mouth 'grinned a ghastly grin;' the curled lips partly concealed a row of teeth, which in the upper jaw were of a conical form and sharp-pointed, taken probably from the head of the hake, whose body formed the lower part of our specimen. The lower jaw contained these fish's teeth, but conspicuously in front was inserted a human incisor or front tooth, and a vacant cavity showed that there once had been a pair of them. These were probably placed there to show the 'real human nature' of the monster. The head had once been covered with hair; but visitors, anxious to obtain a lock of a merman's hair, had so plucked his unfortunate wig that only a few scattered hairs remained: the relic-seekers are now, therefore, ignorantly treasuring in their cabinets hairs from the pate of an old red monkey. The eyes, sunk deep into the sockets, are formed of round bits of leather, with the pupils marked in black paint; and altogether the features of the merman are those of a disagreeable old man, who was trying not to laugh."

A "mermaid" also now to be seen in London, but owned by different parties, and exhibited in another place, Mr. Buckland found to be about half the size of the "merman," and also formed of monkey and fish. He says she was "fastened upright by means of the curved portion of her tail, and smiled gracefully through her dusty glass house. Her history, as told me by the proprietor, is curious; she came from Yankee land, and was exhibited years ago at the Egyptian Hall, forming one of the first, if not the very first, exhibitions in that place. She was sold to two Italian brothers for 40,000 dollars, and there was a Chancery suit about her, as one of the partners wished to prevent his brother exhibiting her. Her age is certainly forty-five years, as the present owner could trace her during this period—how much older she may be it is rude to inquire, considering her sex."

Mr. Buckland traces the faith in mermaids and mermen, to the really startling likeness of the head of a seal, walrus, &c., to that of a human being. "Thus Dr. Scoresby, the celebrated Arctic traveller, writes: 'I have myself seen a sea-horse (a walrus) under such circumstances that it required little stretch of the imagination to mistake it for a human being; and the surgeon actually reported to me that he had seen a man with his head above the water.' But the most human-like of sea creatures is the dugong or manatee, which are found in the warmer parts of America and its islands, and also in Western Africa: their skulls (there are several in the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's-inn-fields) resemble that of a man with a very long nose; their mammæ are placed in the same position as in the human species; and they have very free use of their anterior extremities, which they use for progressing, nursing their young, etc., etc."

We remember seeing, some years ago, what was called a "Mermaid," at Barnum's Museum, in this city, but we were very much disappointed in the article, it having very little resemblance to a human being. It did no credit to Mr. Barnum's talent for "humbug,"—supposing such talent to be ever worthy of credit.

☞ Certainly as those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and the stone; *so are those doctrines best and wholesomest, which flow from a gentle crush of the Scriptures, and are not wrung into controversies and common-place.*—*Lord Bacon's "Advancement of Learning."*

☞ IN-FERNAL!—"Who is this Fanny Fern, to whom I saw some allusion in one of your papers?" said an English gentleman to a waggish friend of ours. "Oh," was the reply, "she is of the *Luci-fern* family."—*Boston Courier.*

☞ Encke's comet having no tail, it is proposed to open a subscription to procure funds to buy one—a short one—say about five millions of miles long.

☞ JUDICIAL WIT.—After the trial of "Elvey *versus* Harris and another," about the warranty of bullocks, which immediately followed a trial about some lambs (both trials occupying two days), Mr. Sarjeant Shee proposed to take a case relating to the quality of turnip seed on the following day, instead of immediately going on with it. Mr. Justice Willes replied, "Certainly not, Brother Shee, I have kept the jury for two days on lamb and beef, and I am not going to bring them here for another day to keep them on turnips."

☞ A French writer has said, that "to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS—CHORAL GATHERING—WHAT NEXT!—ZURICH AND STRASBURG—A SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY—ROMANCE OF VEGETABLE LIFE.

Paris, September 9, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

A note-worthy sign of the renewed activity called into exercise by the policy of the present government, is the simultaneous "show-off" of native and local industries now being held in several of the provincial towns, and among which the "Exhibition," which has been drawing visitors, for a month past, to Dijon, holds the highest place. Machinery, manufactures of various kinds, especially wood-carving—for which Dijon is scarcely inferior to Paris—soaps, cosmetics, ginger-bread and mustard, (in whose production Dijon has no rival,) wooden shoes, jewelry, watches, engravings and photographs, with various other departments "too numerous to mention," make up a very respectable show, and offer various amusing novelties to a sight-loving public. Among the "successes" of the Exhibition must be named a certain newfangled stew-pan, which, when duly prepared and filled with the materials of an orthodox *pot-au-feu*, is placed in a sort of "nine hat-box lined with plush," this hat-box being then deposited in an iron-box of the same shape, shut up tight, and put on a shelf, in the cellar, in the garden, just where you please, and left unmolested until dinner-time, when you unlock the "establishment," take out your stew-pan, and find the contents cooked in a style that would do honor to Chevet. With the trifling exception of supplying the edibles destined to be cooked, this model invention would seem to have reached the limit of the desirable in the way of automatic effort; a step farther, and it might perhaps finish its independent action by eating the viands so excellently prepared, so that it would seem to be quite as well that its inventor pushed its perfections no farther. Next in popularity to this model *marmite* is a wash for removing tan and freckles, whose inventor displays a tremendous stack of bottles, most tastefully arranged, in attendance on which is a young lady whose face, having been sunburned apparently, for the purpose of showing off the varieties of this new candidate for the honors of the toilette, shows one side of unimpeachable fairness, white and smooth as though it had never seen the sun, while the other half, from which the precious elixir has been purposely withheld, is as brown as a hay-maker's. Bronzes, lace, leathers, paper, also figure conspicuously and honorably in the show; as do the hats of the firm of Laurent, who employ 300 workmen, and turn out 120,000 hats yearly, at an average price of one dollar per hat.

Many of the statistics furnished on the occasion are interesting as showing what an immense amount of labor is expended by various classes of the community on insignificant trades, that one would almost suppose could count but for very little in the total industry of the country. Among these the making of wooden shoes is one of the most important, employing the entire or partial labor of a vast number of the peasantry. Thus one Paris house, whose products figure among those of the other exhibitors, employs 25 master-*sabotiers* in the forests of la Sarthe, l'Orne, the Vosges, and Cantal, who employ, in turn, above 1,000 cutters of the wooden shoes so much in vogue in France. This Paris house receives yearly 60,000 pairs of sabots, which are carved, ornamented, blackened to imitate leather, and otherwise beautified and finished in its workshops here. The *carving* alluded to is in imitation of the wrinkles produced in leather shoes by the play of the foot, and of buttons and button-holes, to imitate gentlemen's gaiter-shoes. These are the *aristocratic sabots*; more democratic ones are often ornamented with leaves, anchors, and other fantastic designs, rudely scratched into the wood, but this style of *sabot* is decidedly "vulgar."

Dijon is fairly proud of its leathers, and all sorts of skin-preparations; and the recent failure, here, of a dealer in rabbit skins, to the tune of a million and a half of francs, is a curious instance of the extent to which an apparently trivial business sometimes extends. This insolvent dealer, whose fraudulent bankruptcy has just been brought before the legal tribunals, carried on a business in the rabbit-skin line to the amount of four millions of francs yearly. Utterly illiterate, though he had no less than four vast establishments for the preparation of his wares, he had no other country-house than a low wine-shop in the Place Maubert, kept no books whatever, but managed all his accounts in his head, and being unable to read or write, got his letters written by the nearest of the public scribes, who, in Paris, generally occupy a rude little box built in, like those of the Cobblers, to some angle in the streets of the poorest and most populous quarters.

The fact that some gallant manufacturer of Dijon displayed hooped petticoats and "bustles" in which steel is replaced by bands of gold (!) reminds me that the Municipal Board of St. Quentin, have really decreed a tax, and exclusion from the public balls, on the wearers of crinolines above a certain circumference, to be decided by application of an instrument adopted for the purpose and called a *crinolinometre*; and that the ladies of Wurtemburg have been holding conclaves on the folly of the day, and solemnly proclaimed to the world that they will not wear crinolines!

Not the least interesting of the doings in connection with this gathering in the ancient and picturesque metropolis of wine, gingerbread and bottled mustard, is the grand national competition just held there between the Singing-Schools of the Working Classes, whose merry bands flocked thither from every part of the country; sixty Choral Societies in all, numbering, with their chiefs, comrades, and friends, between thirty and forty thousand persons. The services of the various lines of railway having been secured, and every arrangement carefully concerted beforehand, the most perfect order and punctuality marked the whole proceedings. At ten o'clock of the day appointed for the musical tournament, the companies of singers reached Dijon; by half-past ten, all were ranged in marching order; at half-past eleven the procession defiled through the streets, (each society carrying its own banner,) and gained the Exhibition building, where everything was prepared for their reception, and which was filled with the friends of this excellent method of refining the masses. At twelve o'clock precisely the tournament began. No less than 36 prizes, of different degrees, were awarded on the occasion; the performances of nearly all the rival Societies being such as to "cover them with glory;" while the perfection attained by the Society of Arras, which took the "Prize of Honor," and by a number of others that showed themselves almost the equals of the victors, was such as to call forth the hearty and enthusiastic approbation of the judges and the public.

This great musical movement is the work of an excellent man, and thorough musician, M. Delaporte, formerly organist at Sens, who, in 1848, determined to devote his time, efforts, and all the means at his disposal, to propagating the art of singing among the youth of the poorer classes throughout France. At that period all France, with the exception of Paris, did not count a dozen Choral Societies. After two years of hard work, M. Delapore held his first competitive Exhibition in Troyes, in 1851; eight Societies of his own founding, and one from Belgium that had volunteered its presence, met on that occasion. In 1857, six years after, 86 Choral and Instrumental Societies, including 6,000 men, met under his auspices, at Melun; the gathering that has just taken place at Dijon, though composed of the representatives of fewer Societies, was still more numerous, and showed a great gain in artistic power and training during the last two years.

A collection of musical instruments was exhibited on the same occasion; among them were a few musical curiosities worth mentioning. One of these was a double trombone, invented by Pelitti, of Milan, by the aid of which the performer can produce simultaneously the effect of an *alto* and *basse* trombone united; and which will be a useful addition to small country-bands; an ophicleide made out of a squash, and giving very sonorous tones; a serpent made entirely of paper, and another made entirely of lead; and two horns, one made of paper and the other of caoutchouc.—Strange to say, the most competent authorities declare that these four instruments yield tones as sweet, clear and perfect as their brethren of brass; the paper horn, especially, having been played on by M. Pierrot, one of the best horn-players of the day, and giving out tones of the most admirable quality, not quite so far-reaching, but fully equal, in all other respects, to those produced by the same artist on his own magnificent and favorite brass horn.

While the Choral Societies of France have thus been rejoicing their souls and those of the public at Dijon, the Swiss have been employed in the same sympathetic and harmonious way, a grand musical *fete* having assembled over 12,000 singers in the proud but hospitable city of Zurich. Though these singers were *principally Swiss*, deputations from various towns of the countries lying round Switzerland also attended, and were most cordially welcomed, one object of the gathering being *the formation of a great Choral Society, to be called "The Musical Union," with which kindred* associations all the world over are to be affiliated. Among these guests the deputation from Strasburg appeared to great advantage, their zeal in the cause of the Musical Union having induced them to subscribe together for the purchase of a magnificent *drink-horn*, or drinking-cup, of gold and ivory, which they presented to their brethren of Zurich, in commemoration both of the meeting, and also of the ancient friendship existing between their respective cities. A curious old legend, still recounted, shows from how old a period this alliance dates.

In 1223, before Strasburg had been included in France, a defensive league was formed between the burghers of that town and those of Zurich; but the distance between the two cities created some hesitation on both sides as to the probable utility of this alliance. "When it shall be necessary to march to one another's aid," murmured these doubters, "it will be well nigh impossible to do so soon enough to be of use." This fear being especially lively among the people of Strasburg, the Zurichers hit upon an original method of demonstrating how little foundation existed for the doubts with which their allies regarded the recently-formed alliance. Early one morning, they prepared an enormous iron pot, filled it with millet-porridge, and set it on a great fire in the market-place. When the porridge was cooked, and at its hottest, they placed it in a wooden case filled with hay, and closely covered, hurried it on board a light pinnace which was in waiting on the Limma, rapidly descended this stream, entered the Aar, and then gaining the Rhine, rowed with might and main down that river, and braving the dangers of the most perilous navigation, reached Strasburg the same evening. The porridge, thanks to its enormous mass, and the skill with which the cauldron had been enveloped, was still warm and smoking when, amid the enthusiastic greetings of the Strasburgers, it was distributed by ladle fulls to the crowds who pressed to the jetty to partake of it. The presentation of the beautiful *drink-horn* by the singers of Strasburg to the brethren of Zurich was received by the Zurichers in memory of this pleasant incident, as may be readily believed, with great demonstrations of fraternal enthusiasm.

It may be remembered that a party of savans, headed by Engineer Lenot and Dr. Lambron, made the ascension, last year, of Mount Nethondu, the highest peak of the Maladetta, and called the "Mont Blanc of the Pyrenees," for the purpose of ascertaining the temperature of that altitude during the winter, with a view to learning the relation between height and cold. Just a year ago this difficult ascension was accomplished, the party leaving a thermometer *minima*, (provided with an indicater marking the range of the mercury,) which they placed in a wooden groove, firmly secured between two pyramids of stone, the thermometer being raised six feet from the ground, out of the reach of the snow, and too securely placed to be endangered by the wind. Popular belief has always ascribed to this lofty and desolate peak, in winter, an intensity of cold equivalent to that of the pole. This belief is now discovered to be erroneous. A second party of travelling savans, under the lead of a son of M. Geoffray de St. Hilaire, have just been up to learn the report of the instrument that would have such shuddering tales of atmospheric horrors to tell us could it only speak. They find that the coldest weather experienced up there by the lonely little watcher aforesaid corresponds exactly with the temperature of the plains of Norway, and that thus an elevation of 3,404 *metres*, in latitude 43 deg. 30 min., gives a temperature corresponding to that experienced at the surface of the earth in latitude 62 deg. Thus it would appear that an elevation of 1,778 *metres* gives a decrease of 13 deg. centigrade, or, in other words, that the temperature falls three-fourths of a degree for every 120 yards of elevation. A succession of observations is to be taken, each year, at this spot, with a view to ascertain whether this ratio is constant; an experiment that will no doubt be useful as well as interesting, although it is evident that the question cannot be solved by any number of observations taken on one point only, as we should still have to ascertain, by actual observation, whether the corresponding ratio of decrease of temperature were the same at still higher altitudes.

A very interesting and curious fact in the natural history of fig-trees, and one which seems to be altogether without precedent in the annals of the vegetable kingdom, has just been brought before the *Academie des Sciences*, by M. Leclerc, Physician-in-Chief of the garrison at Fort Napoleon, in Kabylia, a region in which the fig-tree is fecundated in a very surprising manner. It appears then, that the class of fig-tree in question bears a fruit which forms a receptacle, the inner sides of which are covered with flowers which are thus not visible, but *enclosed*. The fig-trees of Europe, it appears, bear female flowers only; but the kind called *Caprificus* has male flowers only, while another kind, the *Erineyce*, has both male and female flowers. From M. Leclerc's paper we learn that the male kind, called *dokkar* in Algeria, produces a prodigious number of figs, which are eatable like those of the female plant, but possessing a far more valuable property. The female plant also produces fruit alone, but not in such quantity, or of such quality, *as it* produces when subjected to a process called *Caprification*, which is as follows: When the fruit of the dokkar has come to maturity, it becomes soft, and flies of a peculiar kind are seen to issue out of it. As soon as this is observed, the Arabs gather these figs, and string them upon flexible twigs, which are then bent in the shape of garlands, and hung up to the branches of the female trees, where they remain suspended indefinitely, drying up in the course of a few days, while the fruit of the female tree has increased in size and in flavor. This singular process is thus explained by M. Leclerc. When the male fig has reached the requisite degree of maturity, the winged insects it contains are the agents by which the fruit of the female fig is fecundated. These flies, called *tirit* by the Kabyles, issue from the fruit of the dokkar, when the latter is suspended to the boughs of the female fig, and creep forth into the fruit of the latter, where they (the wise) certain time, having performed their work of improving the quality of the fruit. But there are two kinds of these flies; one black and small, the other yellow, with a long tail. The former, according to the natives is the useful agent, the latter doing little or nothing, because they cannot penetrate far enough into the fig to get their long tail in, so that the ants which swarm on the trees get hold of that appendage, and pull out its owner, which forthwith becomes their prey. Hence, when a dokker displays a predominence of the yellow flies, it is rejected as useless: those which produce almost exclusively the black flies being proportionally prized. The best period for effecting the *Caprification* of the female fig is when its fruit is about the size of an acorn; by proper exposure and cultivation, the Arabs succeed in getting the maturity of the male fruit to coincide with this development of the female fig. QUANTUM.

☞ CURE FOR LOVE.—Into a pint of the water of oblivion put of the essence of resignation two grains; of prudence and patience each three grains; and of sound judgment one drachm. Mix well; and, after they have stood some time, take off the scum of former remembrances, and sweeten the mixture with the syrup of hope. Pass it through the filter of common sense, by the funnel of conviction, into the bottle of firm resolution, stopping it tightly with the cork of indifference. Take a drachm night and morning, or oftener if the constitution will bear it, reducing the dose as the disease decreases.

☞ Let any one set his heart, in these days, to do what is right, and nothing else; and it will not be long ere his brow is stamped with all that goes to make up the heroical expression—with noble indignation, noble self-restraint, great hopes, great sorrows; perhaps, even, with the print of the martyr's crown of thorns.—*Kingsley.*

"God help me," cried the poor man,
And the rich man said, "Amen."
The poor man died at the rich man's door:
God helped the poor man then.
—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ He's armed without that's innocent within.—*Pope.*

THE PHILADELPHIA POST OFFICE QUESTION.—Postmaster-General Brown, Attorney-General Black, and Hon. Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, have decided in favor of the purchase of the Levy property, adjoining the Custom House, on Chestnut street, and the erection thereon of a new and commodious structure for the use of the post office. The lot, the refusal of which has been secured until the action of Congress on the subject, is 30 feet front by 225 feet deep, to Library street, and the new structure is contemplated to occupy also some 20 feet of the vacant space adjoining the Custom House, thus giving it a front on Chestnut street of 50 feet, and a like width in the rear on Library street, with ample room for side entrances, &c. The price is said to be $70,000. It is further proposed, as we understand, to use the new Custom House for the accommodation of the Federal Courts, the Custom House to be removed to Second street, or if that property can be advantageously sold, then to the tobacco warehouse, corner of Front and Dock streets.

From the St. Louis Democrat, Sept. 23.

THE VOYAGE OF THE YOUTHFUL AERONAUTS.

The startling story of the late frightful ascent of two small children alone in a balloon, has naturally excited some incredulity, which, in turn, has been increased by the rather diverse accounts given of the event. But the return to our city of the aeronaut, Mr. S. M. Brooks, enables us to give an authentic confirmation and true version of the thrilling narrative. This gentleman kindly informs us substantially as follows:—

He was to have ascended from the fair grounds at Centralia, on Friday, the 17th inst., but finding himself unwell, accepted the offer of another aeronaut, Mr. Wilson, who volunteered to take his place in the balloon. Mr. Wilson effected a beautiful ascent at 5½, P. M., floated westward and then southwestward, rising two-and-a-half miles, and at about 6½, P. M., descended, sixteen miles southeastward of the starting point. He was caught by a tree about forty-five rods from the farm house of Mr. Benjamin Harvey. The spot is some two miles and a half from Roma, Jefferson county. Mr. Harvey and his family and others gathered, and disentangled the air-ship. They then pulled the car to the ground, and some boys held the ropes as the voyager alighted, and while he was drawn off in conversation with the inquisitive people, the balloon was "towed" to the house, and Mr. Harvey prepared to have some sport by causing the length of the rope to be pulled down. Proving too heavy to rise, he stepped out and put in his three children, a lad of three years, a girl of eight, and a still older girl. At this point, Mr. Wilson called out to those holding the ropes to be sure and hold fast. But the three children were too heavy, and the eldest was taken out. At this instant, through the unwatchfulness of the persons at the cords, the balloon suddenly and very swiftly went up. The anchor struck in a rail fence, but tore it away, while a cry of horror burst from the agonized group. The children screamed with horror, and the piteous appeal, "Pull me down, father," as it instantly grew fainter and fainter, rendered the parents, and indeed all present, for the time, perfectly frantic. It was now past 7 o'clock, was becoming dark, and the balloon was soon lost sight of. A period of more intense wretchedness to the paternal heart can scarcely be imagined.

As there was little wind, the balloon had gone almost directly upward, till its disappearance in a southeasterly course. Messengers were despatched through the region in every direction, and the alarm spread rapidly, creating everywhere the intensest excitement. In all quarters the men and boys rallied in parties to scour the country and search the woods, in the expectation that the victims would somewhere descend and be subjected to the perils of drowning, or else of starving undiscovered.

At Centralia the intelligence caused an indescribable sensation. The popular anxiety—almost agony—called out Mr. Brooks, who assured the people that the balloon would probably descend within two or three hours, and within, at most, thirty miles of the point of starting. He also sent to the distracted parents the best assurances possible in the case, informing them that there would be no danger, except from a descent in the woods, when the children might be, with difficulty found, and from the older child's first stepping out and leaving the younger again to rise. Apart from these perils—in themselves improbable—Mr. Brooks apprehended no danger to the little voyagers; yet the idea became current that they must encounter a frigid atmosphere which they could not survive.

It was about three o'clock on Saturday morning that Mr. Ignatius Atchison, living on Moore's prairie, eight miles from Mount Vernon, got up, as he says, and went out upon his porch "to see the blazing star"—the comet. An immense spectre rising from a tree, about twenty yards distant, rather appalled him, and he re entered the house, and waked his family. On his coming out again, a weak and piteous voice called to him from the spectre, "Come here and help me down, we're almost frozen!" Mr. Atchison speedily perceived the astonishing nature of the case, summoned help, cut away several limbs of the tree, and drew the car in safety to the ground!

The little boy was first lifted out, and when placed upon his feet instantly ran for several yards, then turned, and for a moment contemplated the balloon with apparently intense curiosity. The little girl told their sorrows and adventures, with an almost broken heart, to these people, who, strangely indeed, had not heard of the disaster.

A messenger arrived at Mr. Harvey's, eighteen miles distant, at 2 P. M., with the transporting tidings that the children were safe. We will leave it to our reader's heart to suggest the joy which the intelligence caused. It was late in the afternoon when the little ones arrived, and were clasped once more in the embrace of their parents.

The happy result was received in Centralia, and announced on Sunday morning in the churches, amid ecstacies of joy. The children were brought there on Monday, and welcomed with the firing of cannon and a general jubilee. Photographic portraits of them were taken by Mr. Wm. B. Matthews, artist in Centralia, and a variety of presents were made to them. The girl is named Martha Ann, and her little brother David Isam.

The story the girl told was that as the balloon ascended she cried piteously to her father to pull it down. She said they passed over a town where she saw a great many people, to whom she likewise appealed at the top of her voice. This place was Centralia. The balloon was seen to pass over there, but the people little imagined that it carried two persons in such danger. Her little brother cried with cold, and the heroic girl took off her apron, covered him, and got him to sleep. While handling the ropes, she happened to pull one that had the effect of bringing the balloon down, and, although not understanding the philosophy of the movement, she was quite content to keep the valve open, so long as by so doing she found she neared the earth.

The youthful aerial voyagers had been in the balloon about thirteen hours and a quarter. It may easily be imagined that among the neighbors where they landed they were objects of much curiosity and interest. The girl's presence of mind and loving consideration of her brother may well entitle her to remembrance, while the incident itself was of such a remarkable character, that we opine it will not soon be forgotten in that section.

Mr. Brooks affirms that the balloon must have descended by eleven o'clock of Friday night, and hence had remained in the tree till its discovery through the kindness of the "blazing star," and the astronomical wakefulness of Mr. Atchison.

Mr. Brooks has the photographic portraits of the juvenile adventurers which we suppose may soon be seen by all the curious at the St. Louis Museum.

OCEAN STEAMERS LOST.—The following list comprises all the principal losses of ocean steamers trading with the United States since 1840:—

1. President	Never heard of—	All lost.
2. Columbia	Wrecked—	All saved.
3. Humboldt	Wrecked—	All saved.
4. City of Glasgow	Never heard of—	All lost.
5. City of Philada	Wrecked—	All saved.
6. Franklin	Wrecked—	All saved.
7. Arctic	Collision—	A few saved.
8. Pacific	Never heard of—	All lost.
9. San Francisco	Wrecked—	A few saved.
10. Lyonnais	Wrecked—	A few saved.
11. Tempest	Never heard of—	All lost.
12. Central America	Wrecked—	A few saved.
13. Austria	Burned—	A few saved.

☞ Purity is the feminine, truth the masculine, of honor.—*Hare.*

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

After leaving St. Helena as told in a previous article, we steamed away steadily for the Cape of Good Hope. At the end of a week we awoke one fine morning to the unpleasant conviction that our coal was nearly exhausted, and that we should be forced to stop the engines, take the buckets off the wheels, and trust to our sails for the rest of the passage. As we had unrigged ship entirely, to enable us to steam more swiftly against the S. E. Trades, and as we now had to beat 500 miles dead to windward, this was really a great evil. We, however, went to work at once, kept it up night and day for thirty-six hours, and finally found ourselves under all sail. It took us nine days to get over this 500 miles, when we let go our anchor off Cape Town, and congratulated ourselves upon the fine qualities of our side wheel steamer which, when put to the test, had responded so nobly to the call.

Cape Town, as every one probably knows, is an English settlement built at the northern foot of a towering rock, known as "Table Mountain," from the peculiarity of its formation, and situated in the most southern bight of "Table Bay"—so called after the mountain. This bold headland rises to an almost perpendicular height of 4,000 feet, has a perfectly flat top more than a mile in length, and is almost constantly covered by the "Table Cloth"—a dense and level bank of white clouds rolling over the edge of "The Table." The town is fifty or sixty miles to the northward of the rocky and surf-beaten point which that bold navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, discovered in 1486, and called "The Cape of Storms," from the unfriendly reception which he there encountered at the hands of the heavy weather and seas. Shortly after, its name was changed to "The Cape of Good Hope," by John the II. of Portugal—the royal patron of the discoverer—whose taste as to nomenclature it seems differed from that of his marine protege. It was not until 1497, however, that the first expedition to India was taken around it by another bold navigator—one Vasco de Gama. I speak of course of *modern* expeditions, for no doubt exists in my mind as to the "Navy of Tharshish," which the Bible tells us "the King (Solomon) had at sea," having rounded this cape on its "three years voyage to Ophir."

People, generally speaking, have a very contracted idea of the number and extent of the "settlements" which compose "The Cape of Good Hope," or of its commercial importance. Some imagine it to be simply a point of land containing a few hundred square miles, a town, and several smaller back settlements. Others imagine only a small settlement, from which you cannot go back fifty miles without being shot at by a Kaffir. And there are others again who jump to the opposite extreme, and confound it with the whole of Southern Africa. It may, therefore, be desirable to devote a few lines to the subject. I will commence then with the remark that English rule in Southern Africa, like American rule in North America, is of a progressive nature, before which the Kaffir, the Bushman, and the Hottentot are disappearing, as have already disappeared the Algonquin, the Delaware, and the Narragansett of our own country. It is the old story of the light of the stars being hidden by that of the sun: of the *inferior races* retreating, then passing entirely away, before the advance of religion, of its attendant civilization, and of superior brain. As regards extent of "square miles and population," I get the following information from the "Churchman's Almanac" for 1857, which is the latest and most reliable authority.

The diocese of Cape Town contains 120,000 square miles, and about the same population.

The diocese of Graham's Town contains 30,000 square miles; population, 170,000.—And the diocese of Natal 21,300 square miles, and a population of 125,000, of whom 115,000 are Zulus, a once numerous and powerful tribe. It is needless to remark that these "Zulus" are negroes. They have crisp, curly hair, thick lips, long heels, and are black. They are, however, a higher order of the black man, and rank even above the Kaffirs—who are almost copper-colored—in point of intelligence. Here, then, is an area of 171,300 square miles—equal to about four such States as Pennsylvania. In addition to this, there is an unlimited expanse of territory stretching out to the Northward, over which the foreign population is slowly but surely spreading itself. Tribe after tribe is thus being gradually "brought within the influence of civilization"—with what object? "To have their condition bettered." How? By learning them to drink spirits and die; and a few—a very few—by learning how to worship God and live—hereafter. And yet the English condemn us severely for our filibustering exploits. Fortunately it is God Himself who assigns to hypocrites their portion.

This area of 171,300 square miles, is quite plentifully sprinkled with towns and villages. Inhabited mostly by the descendants of the original Dutch settlers, who possessed the country before it was taken by the English.—Some of these "descendants" (those living in the country and on the frontiers,) are known by the name of "Boors," and their general character is described as degraded and brutal in the extreme. They entertain very bitter feelings toward the English, and often collect in force to resist their ordinances, or fancied insults or injuries. The tract of country which they inhabit in the greatest numbers, is known as the "Vaal Republic."

Thirty newspapers are published in "The Colony of Cape Town," of which *two* are in native languages. There are also several monthlies published. The principal paper of Graham's Town, is said to be "as large as the largest New York papers," but whether it is as well filled, is another thing. In order that these papers may not ruin their owners, the rate of subscription is very high. The "Post," for instance, would cost twelve cents per copy in "The Cape Colony." Cattle, sheep, &c., are abundant at the Cape, and hides, sheep and goat skins are consequently the principal exports. Very fine twine is also made in large quantities, and sugar has lately been planted—"*with great success*"—in the diocese of Natal.

Having thus given a rough idea of the Cape of Good Hope, I will step into the Copper boat with the reader, and pull on shore to the landing of "Cape Town." We land upon a flight of eight or ten wooden steps, ascend them to the mole, which has been built a few hundred yards out into the bay, walk along the extent of that mole, and finally enter the town. A fresh South-East wind is blowing, and clouds of dust circle around us, blind our eyes and dry our throats. We see gentlemen walking around with veils hanging before their faces to protect them from this dust, and hoopless ladies blown about very furiously, and looking extremely unlike the balloons of Chestnut Street. We retreat at once into a friendly store, and cough out our desire to purchase veils. We are smiled at in return, and reply by wiping our eyes. Finally we emerge, minus a dollar each, and plus two pendant blue veils through which we begin to admire "Cape Town." We see in the first place that the streets are clean, wide, and beautifully Macadamized. That they cross mostly at right angles, and that many of their sides are lined by oaks, pines, and other trees. The houses are generally of two stories, flat-roofed, and whitewashed or painted. Gas, lights you along the streets at night, but, singular to say, has been introduced into but few houses. Even at the principal hotel it is used no higher than the first floor. The population of Cape Town proper is estimated at not less than 30,000, of whom the half are "Cape Malays," a fourth whites, and the remaining fourth negroes, half breeds, and Kaffirs. The "Cape Malay" is the only case in which I have ever noticed a change of feature, evidently resulting from change of climate and food. And even here it is so slight as to be noticed only by one who has been long familiar with *the national expression*—if I may so express it—of the Malay race. The history of the Cape Malay may be given in a few words: Brought originally from their tropical homes to involuntary labor (slavery) upon the south extreme of Africa, they "grew and multiplied," were improved by contact with a higher order of man, and were finally restored (their descendants) to the blessings of liberty. They are now said to make very good citizens—their conduct contrasting strongly with that of their fellow *African* (negro) bondsmen who received their freedom at the same time.

"The Cape of Good Hope" is a broken and irregular promontory—a rugged pile of mountains separated from those which retreat into the interior by a low, sandy tract of land. Upon one side of this promontory is Table Bay, and upon the other Simons Bay. At the bottom of Table Bay is Cape Town, and at the bottom of Simons Bay is Simons Town. They are about eighteen miles apart in a straight line, and twenty-one by the beautiful Macadamized road which connects them over the low, sandy tract of country. Heavy old oaks and groves of pines line this road on each side, and at every few hundred yards an avenue turns off to the tasteful country seats of the more wealthy citizens of Cape Town. Two or three villages also exist along it, and extensive vineyards are seen on every hand. The most beautiful of these villages is called Wynburgh, and the most celebrated of these vineyards is known as "Constantia." It is worth going to "Constantia" if only to see the brave old oaks, and to taste the glorious wine. I trouble wine very little myself, but I drank many glasses of "Constantia." I advise the reader to follow my example if he or she ever has the opportunity. Unfortunately for that "opportunity," however, all wine merchants in the United States are not honest.

"You ought to send some of this to the United States!" we remarked glowingly to Mr. Cloete, the gentlemanly proprietor of the estate known as "Groot Constantia."

"No I ought not!" he replied, laughingly. "I did so once and never received any returns. I couldn't even get a letter out of the merchant to whom I sent it." We felt suddenly small—then indignant.

The great feat for strangers arriving at Cape Town is to clamber up to the level top of Table Mountain. Three or four days after our arrival, the Doctor, 2d Lieutenant and myself, undertook it. Our road led up a rocky and crooked ravine, down the lower half of which ran a mountain stream—clear as crystal at first, but yellow and impure as it neared the town. Hundreds of washerwomen lined the rocky banks of this rivulet, the first of whom were washing their clothes in impure water, and the last in it as it gushed clear and sparkling from the mountain side. We were not long in learning that if a person wished his clothes washed in clean water he must pay more for the toil of lugging them up the mountain side. Something like bathing in Japan, where the water is only removed at intervals, and where the first bathers are charged more than the last. Thus it will be seen that poor people at Cape Town and in Japan must not be *unreasonably* fastidious. Speaking of *unreasonable fastidiousness* reminds me of a reported scene on board of a Mississippi steamboat. A "late riser" emerged from his state-room and entered the "wash-room" to make his morning ablutions. Not liking the looks of the "endless towel" which had been already travelled over the roller by hundreds of more early risers, he repaired to the captain, and requested that it might be replaced by one of a less dubious character. "Sir!" replied the offended master; "Sir! you are an unreasonable man. *Four hundred passengers* have used that towel this morning, and no one has complained but you." Let us continue climbing the mountain.

Passing the last of the washerwomen, we find that we are nearly half way up the mountain. We must pick out a clear spot and get upon the top of a high rock, however, before we can see much, for we are in the midst of an extensive grove of the "silver-tree," which arrests the eye at every turn. What a beautiful thing is the leaf of this silver-tree, especially after being pressed. It is about four inches long, by three-quarter broad, in slender and symmetrical, and covered by a silvery fuzz, which retains the brilliancy of its hue for years. When a fresh breeze is blowing they offer a most sparkling appearance, and after being pressed, they make delicate and beautiful bookmarks. This tree has been transplanted to Europe, but with difficulty, and the cases are rare.

Another production of "Table Mountain," is the undying flower known as the "everlasting." After we reached the table top and looked down upon the town, the sea, and Robber Island, (nine miles seaward of Cape Town,) from our elevation of four thousand feet, we found several varieties of this flower sprouting from the thin soil around us. We also found a small lake farther along, from the mossy edges of which the frogs were chirping cheerfully. I never before heard frogs at such an elevation. We dug down in several places through the thin, mossy soil, by which "The Table" was covered, and found rock at the depth of a few inches. This fact combined with that of our walking over flat surfaces of an inferior white marble of considerable extent, and with what we had seen of the rocky sides of the ravine, led to the conclusion that the whole mountain was of that nature. All of the mossy turf under foot was wet and spongy from the constant clouds which passed over it, and wherever there was a hollow this moisture drained into it and formed an immense number of puddles. Beautiful lilies and other flowers were mixed about with the "everlastings," which contrasting with the bright green of the turf, with the miniature lake, with the gray rocks, and with the white clouds, made a most charming scene. We gathered a handful of the flowers, ate our lunch, and retreated hurriedly before the approach of an unusually solid looking cloud which promised to blind us as in a heavy fog. We retreated thus hurriedly, for we had been warned that more than one person had lost his life by wandering about in these "table cloths" until he had lost his reckoning entirely, and finally stepped upon a loose stone, lost his footing, and been precipitated to the bottom of the ravine. We reached the boat at sunset, and found our crew at loggerheads with a mulatto sailor, who seemed to have the sympathy of a large crowd of English loungers. It was difficult to imagine any ground for this sympathy, for the mulatto was excited by liquor, and extremely quarrelsome. He was protesting that he was from Baltimore, and that he could whip any white American on the wharf. He emphasised his assertions with frequent oaths, curses, and the coarsest language. We ordered the crew into the boat to avoid trouble—but he objected to their going, seizing the coxswain by the collar, and shaking his fist in unpleasant proximity with his nose. He was one of the *most powerful* looking men I ever saw—so was the coxswain. Scarcely had he taken hold of his collar, when he was beaten down upon his knees, the coxswain's left hand sunk in his bushy hair, and right fist vibrating like a sledge-hammer. The boat's crew stood near the boat, rubbing their hands—the crowd closed around in excited anger. My friends and myself separated the combatants by main strength, and ordered the coxswain into the boat. Imagine my surprise when the released one aimed a blow at my head, which would have fractured my skull had it taken effect. I had released him from the attentions of a sledge-hammer, and in return he had thrown one at my head. Fortunately I was looking two ways for excitement at the time, and was enabled to partially avoid the blow, and return it at the same time. The result was, that while his fist twisted off my cap and caused my left ear to burn like fire, my knotted stick came in contact with his left temple, and brought him to the ground. I might as well have struck a thirty-two pounder, however, for he was up again like an India-rubber ball, and more actively attentive than ever. The affair now became general, and for the first time in my life I found myself energetically assisting in a "free fight."

Then was demonstrated the superiority of discipline and condensed resources, overnumbers and want of system. We soon cleared a circle in the crowd, left several of them looking toward ether, and after informing the more genteel portion of the assembly—"If any of you gentlemen wish farther satisfaction, apply by note on board of the Powhatan," we pushed off, really glad to escape with whole bones. It may be interesting to add, that we received no notes.

The whole fault of this melee existed in the fact of the policemen (as usual) being out of the way when there was a quarrelsome and abusive person to be arrested. We upon our part, had actually ran away to avoid a difficulty; but when followed too closely, had turned in angry self-defence. The result of this turn has been already shown. The next day a report of the affair was made to the captain, who based upon it a letter to the Governor. A polite and regretful answer was returned to this communication, and thereafter our boats never approached the wharf, but a zealous policeman was to be seen dispersing the crowd at the head of the ladder. In a day or two more the originating cause of the affair came to light. It seems that our mulatto friend had applied on board to be shipped as a fireman, and on being refused, had returned to the shore in high dudgeon—apparently determined to make himself disagreeable to the first of the "Powhatans" who should cross his path.

In my next I hope to give an account of how we shot pheasants and rabbits on Robber Island, upon which we had looked down from Table Mountain.

COAL.—It is said that when coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the Commons petitioned the crown to prohibit the "noxious" fuel. A royal proclamation having failed to abate the nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned coal within the city of London and its neighborhood, and to punish them by fine for the first offence, and by demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgressing. A law was finally passed, making it a capital offence to burn coal in the city, and only permitting it to be used in the forges in the vicinity. It is stated that among the records in the Tower of London a document was found importing that in the time of Edward I. a man had been tried, convicted, and executed for the crime of burning coal in London. It took three centuries to entirely efface this prejudice.

STRIVE, WAIT AND PRAY.

BY MISS A. A. PROCTOR.

Strive; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait: yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

THE VOICELESS.

For that great procession of the CROWNED, who not only wear the crown of thorns, but must hide it under the locks of brown or gray,—under the snowy cap, under the chilling turban,—hide it even from themselves,—perhaps never know they wear it, though it kills them,—there is no depth of tenderness in my nature that Pity has not sounded. Somewhere,—somewhere,—love is in store for them—the universe must not be allowed to fool them so cruelly. What infinite pathos in the small, half-unconscious artifices by which unattractive young persons seek to recommend themselves to the favor of those towards whom our dear sisters, the unloved, like the rest, are impelled by their God-given instincts!

Read what the singing-women—one to ten thousand of the suffering women—tell us, and think of the griefs that die unspoken! Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman; and there are women enough lying in the next churchyard, with very commonplace blue slate-stones at their head and feet, for whom it was just as true that "all sounds of life assumed one tone of love," as for Letitia Landon, of whom Elizabeth Browning said it; but she could give words to her grief, and they could not. Will you hear a few stanzas of mine?

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,—
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their heart's sad story,—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

Oh, hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

—*From the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table in Atlantic Monthly for October.*

GENIUS AND VELVET.

Mademoiselle Mars was performing an engagement at Lyons, when, one morning, a manufacturer of that famous city of rich stuffs, asked for an audience. On entering, he proceeded to spread out, before the astonished actress, a lengthened fold of costly yellow velvet.

"Will you please to accept this, and make my fortune?" said the gentleman.

Explanations over, it was soon understood that it was to be a business affair altogether. The sagacious warehouseman know very well that the superb woman before him set the fashion, as to cut and material of dress, for all Paris. Yellow velvet was what he best knew how to make, and nobody wore it—but, it would at once be the rage, if seen upon *her!*

It was doubtful. The color was trying! But, by the entreaties of the eloquent pleader of his own cause, the kind heart of the actress was overcome. The velvet was handed over to her dress-maker, and made up for the tragedy which she was to play with Talma, the week after.

But, on seeing herself in the full-length mirror of the green-room, before the drawing up of the curtain, Mars's heart gave way! "I look really too ridiculous," she exclaimed, "just like a huge canary-bird—and I cannot appear. Call the manager, and postpone the performance."

And, with this sudden intelligence, Talma rushed from his dressing-room.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed, as he surveyed the magnificent woman; "why you never looked so superbly in your life! Chance has favored you. The toilet is a miracle of effective beauty!"

The play went on.

In ten days afterwards, the saloons of Paris were perfectly golden with yellow velvet. Every woman of fashion must appear in that, and no other.

And this was the reason for the grand *fete* given by the wealthiest manufacturer to Mademoiselle Mars, on her return, years after, to play again at Lyons. It was at a superb country-house on the banks of the Saone, and he had purchased it with the fortune made on the *yellow velvets!*—*From the French.*

BRIBERY.—Offering you a pair of lips—for a kiss.

JUDICIOUSLY CONSTITUTED.—Taking the bribe.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

Above twelve years had elapsed since I last saw my relatives; and throughout all that time I had never written to them. It happened that a friend of mine, a clergyman in Sydney, had to visit England on some business connected with his profession; and there in a large assemblage of clergymen happened to meet my father. A packet of letters from my surviving friends, found me a few months subsequently, still at the sheep station. At the foot of one from my brother, there was a short note—"E. is not married." Instantly—Sydney; Cape Horn; European Seas; and once more, the rock and roar of London.

But that not long. Rapidly as wheels could bear me, I hastened on from dock to terminus. A single glance on either hand as I passed along through the crowded and busy streets, blazing with gaslights from within the houses and without alike, showed me that there was nothing new there in the lot of man, save deeper fall. I had seen for years the natural savage, and observed his condition as to the great end of being, enjoyment. Here was the savagery of civilization; a yet more startling spectacle; a yet more momentous problem, a yet more sordid study, a sadder grief. Evidently the mighty lords of this great city were not managing matters exactly as they thought to do. The utmost of their projection no doubt was to have The Million tolerably machine-like, serviceable, well-kept, and very likely clean. But here they were per stress of some ghastly deviltry behind the scenes, getting into hordes of such grim, mischievous, scoursed look, so gaunt, and foul, and mean, and haggard, and diabolical, that if one of them had been brought before Adam to be named, he would assuredly have called him *the Fiendess*. Their dwelling places?—Why the stench and filth of them would have been strange and revolting to a Saxon hog in the days of yore; as that hog with his beech nuts and blackberries in the woods and grassy thickets could provide his young with a far better supper and a far cleaner bed. Meantime on rolls the Juggernaut car of *Gold*, crushing man, woman and babe, beneath its wheels: up streams the red blood from the Moloch altar of Glory, scattered round millionfold with shattered bones, and wringing tears from angels' eyes, and crying to God for avengement; loud trumpets Fame the names of Time's chief fools. For presently, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, away they all go, full purse, and trenchant blade, and laurel crown, all left behind, to a land where is neither gold, nor one sublunary pride or honor. Then who has done wisest;—the patient, humble seeker after Truth and God, here called enthusiast; or that genus thought so much of in the earthly times? By contrast I saw I had not been so foolish after all in the course I had taken.

The mail train set me down in little more than an hour, at a *quiet country village, about three miles distant from the old town where* my friends still resided. The two or three inches of snow, which often in the course of the winter settles on the English landscape, and disappears again, together with the full moon, made the night as fit as day for a walk across the fields. A single other traveller only took the same road. We had talked together some time before we found out that we knew each other—had in fact been school-fellows. He asked about my long ramblings, and I told him of the sunny and beautiful Australia. But when I inquired about old friends and neighbors, it was a sadder tale he had to tell. Many, both young and old, were departed from this transitory world. Some had been unsuccessful, and had gone no one knew whither. Quite a number of the rich had become poor; but few of the poor had become rich. I soon saw that the law of English social life was one up and three down. Where a little suburban hamlet almost joins the town, we parted. I passed on alone through the resting place of many generations, raised several feet above the surrounding surface, and by their ashes; a circumstance quite common in the old countries. The owl sat hooting among the ivy which enveloped the gray stone walls, almost ruinous, of the little church tower. As I looked up to see whereabouts the moping bird of Wisdom's fabled goddess had embowered for the night, I saw that the clock hands were close on the line of midnight.

Passing only a few minutes at the hotel, to send forward notice of my coming, once more I rang the accustomed bell. The old man was still up and among his books, burning the student's midnight lamp at well nigh seventy years of age. Right glad he was to see me; and I no less so, to find how slowly his vital powers were wasting amidst his pleasant and pious avocations. Presently, and before we had had time to speak of any thing more than my voyage, another peal of the gate-bell; then a voice "like the carol of a bird," rich, exhilerating woman-tones, that went into the very soul, and found some mysterious passion-thirst within it, which they fed, and freshened and fed again; then bounding steps: and forthwith comes floating into the room, like a spirit gliding in air, a shape and face so lovely and so loving, that with all my habit of mental collectedness, I lose for an instant the consciousness of my whereabouts. "Lizzie," says my father, introducing her. It was the little sister whom I had left fifteen years before, amusing herself with her dolls and kittens on the hearth-rug; and now she was one of God's marvels. "Ah, brother, brother, if you leave me again, I die!" Sad, fateful prophecy! I believed it to be my duty some time afterwards to settle in this Western world. She was well when I left England; but in a little more than six months, one of those dread, black-bordered envelopes which we all know so well, was handed to me. Rapid pulmonary consumption had swept her to the tomb. Content thee, my soul!—If one by one all our hearts' treasures are thus taken away, it is that they may be stored *all together* for the day of restitution! High Heaven, indeed, shall that restitution be!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

In the quaint old village of Thyndon, England, dwells its good old rector, a widower with one unmarried daughter. The other lives at Merton's End—as a happy and adored wife. We have something to tell of that fair dame; a deed so courageous that the village has been two or three degrees prouder of itself ever since it happened.

The squire had fallen in love with the fair Adelaide, and the wedding-day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, &c. She was consequently still dressed when the church-clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter wind for many minutes afterwards. Housebreakers were mere myths in primitive Thyndon, and the bride-elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bed-room door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her.

She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart-complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: "Your are come," she said, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room—and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise," he replied sullenly, "if you give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back, and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, remarking at the same time that two more masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative: "He wasn't agoing to run a risk, and leave half the tin behind!" She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying: "I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you." The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley, they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage, and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys, and desk, gave them up to the robbers, who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied, that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, but that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding-breakfast had been laid, to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves, and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding-cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed, and joked: and Adelaide, quick of eye and ear, had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time, Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her, as it proved. The leader, approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm her—that she was "a jolly wench, reg'lar game," and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this she was of course obliged to assent, and then they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family the next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of *her* midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing *every* one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the "three-fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition, on the part of the young heroine, to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected its cure.

☞ The worst of all knaves are those who mimic their former honesty.—*Lavater.*

THE DEAD HOUSE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Here once my step was quickened,
Here beckoned the opening door,
And welcome thrilled from the threshold
To the feet it had felt before.

A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in the grate,
And shadows a-dance on the ceiling
Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair,
"This corner, you know, is your seat."
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender,—
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practised finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like brain,"
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered
On nightingales' throats that flew
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah, me, where the Past sowed heart's ease,
The Present plucks rue for me men!
I come back: that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered;
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
That makes the change but more!
'Tis a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'Tis his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson
Need I go to Paris and Rome,—
That the many make a household,
But only one the home?

'Twas just a womanly presence,
An influence unexpress,—
But a rose she had worn on my grave-sod
Were more than long life with the rest!

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,—
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine, I would close the shutters,
Like lids when life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it,
This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A WOMAN'S LOVE,
AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

Pendarves came home that evening in great spirits. Everything was arranged for the theatricals, and the play fixed upon. It was to be the Belle's Stratagem, and he was to play Doricourt—a part he had often played before. The part of Letitia Hardy was given to a young lady who was famous as an actress on private theatres; and every part was filled but that of of Lady Frances Touchwood.

"Oh, Helen!" cried he, "how happy should I be, if you would give over all your dismals, lay aside your scruples, and make me your slave for life, by undertaking this mild and modest part."

"You bribe high!" I replied, turning pale at the apprehension of anything so contrary to my habits, and my sense of right; "but you know my aversion to things of the sort."

"I do; but I also know your high sense of a wife's duty; and that you cannot but own a wife ought to obey her husband's will, when not contrary to the will of God."

"You seem to have *high*, though *just* ideas of a wife's duty," said I, smiling; "now, perhaps, you will favor me with your opinion of a *husband's* duty."

"Willingly. It is to wean a beloved wife, if possible, from gloomy thoughts; to keep amusing company himself, and make her join it; in short, when he has engaged in private theatricals, it is his *duty* to get his wife to engage in them also; and if you think such things dangerous to good morals, you are the more bound to engage in them, in order to watch over *mine*."

I suspected he was right, and that the general duty should, in this instance, give way to the particular one; but I shrunk with aversion from the long and intimate association with these disagreeable, if not disreputable people, to which it would oblige me; and after expressing this dislike, I begged time to consider of his request.

The next day I went to consult my mother, who at first would not hear the plan *named*, and declared that her child should not so far degrade herself as to allow her person to be profaned by such familiarities as acting must induce and she must suffer. But when I told her Mr. Oswald was to act Sir George Touchwood—a quiet, elderly, married man—she was more reconciled to it on that score, but she disliked it as much as I did on other grounds. However, having convinced myself, I at length convinced her that it was my duty to make myself as dear and as agreeable to my husband as I could, and not leave him thus exposed to the every day increasing fascinations of another woman.

"But can you, my child," said she, "have fortitude enough to bear for days together the sight of his attentions to your rival? Will it not make you pettish, grave, and unamiable, and cloud your eyes in tears, which will increase and not affect, because they will seem a reproach?"

"It will be a difficult task, and a severe trial, I own, but I humbly hope to be supported under it; and though the risk is great, the ultimate success is worth the venture."

"Helen," said my mother, "till now I thought *my* trials as a wife great, and my duties severe; but I am convinced that they were easy to bear, and easy to perform, compared to what a fond wife *feels*, who is forced to mask misery with smiles—to substitute undeserved kindness for just reproach—and to submit even her own superior judgment, and her own sense of right and wrong, to the will of her husband."

"But, dear mother! I shall be repaid and rewarded at last."

"Repaid, rewarded, Helen! how? Who, or what, is to repay you? As well can *assignats* repay bullion, as the love of a being who has grossly erred can reward that of one to whom error is unknown."

"But he has *not grossly* erred; and if he had, I *love* him," cried I, deeply wounded and appalled at the truth of what she said.

"Ah, *there it is*," she replied; "and thus does love level all in their turns; the weak with the strong, the sensible with the foolish. One thing more, Helen, before you go—You shall have your mother's countenance and presence to support you under your new trials; I will condescend to invite myself to attend *rehearsals*, and *I* will be at the *representation*."

I received this offer with gratitude, and then returned to tell my husband that *I* would perform the part of Lady Frances Touchwood.

He was delighted with my compliance; and on making me read the part aloud directly, he declared that I should perform to admiration.

"I should have played Letitia Hardy better," said I.

"You! how conceited!"

"I got that part by heart once, and I have often acted it quite through for my own amusement, when I was quite alone. But I prefer playing Lady Frances now, for the days of my vanity are pretty well over."

"No, no, child, they are only now beginning, according to this; and little did I think I had married a great actress!"

Pendarves then departed in high spirits to his friends, and I sat down to *study my part*. But bitter were the tears I shed over it. And was *I*, so lately the mourner over a dying and dead child, was I about to engage in dissipations like these? But humbly hoping my motive sanctified my deed, I shook off overwhelming recollections, and resolved to persevere in my new task.

For some days, and till all was ready for rehearsals, Pendarves rehearsed his part to me, and I to him; but at length he found it pleasanter to have Lady Martindale hear him, he said, for her broken English was so *amusing*.

I could not oppose to *this excellent reason* my being a better judge of his performance, but I was forced to submit in silence. Now, however, I was soon called to rehearsals, and my mother was allowed to accompany me.

My first performance was wretched, and I thought Seymour looked ashamed of me; but my mother said she should have been mortified if I had done better the *first time*. The next I gained credit; but on the third day I found the party in great distress. The Letitia Hardy had been sent for to a dying father, and there was no one to undertake her part. You may easily guess that Seymour immediately told tales of me, and I undertook that prominent character; but I did not shrink from it, for my husband was to act with me; and Letitia Hardy was not more eager to charm Doricourt than I to charm my husband.

You know there is a minuet to be danced, and a song to be sung; and as Le Piq and Madame Rossi were the first dancers when I was young, I had taken lessons of both in London, and was said to dance a minuet well. Pendarves was equally celebrated in that dance; and as we rehearsed our minuet often at home, each declared the other perfect; nor was the little song less warmly applauded, which I substituted for the original, and adapted to a Scotch air. It applied to my own situation and feelings, as well as to those of the heroine, and was as follows:

SONG.

If now before this splendid throng
With timid voice, but daring aim,
I strive to wake my pensive song
And urge the minstrel's tuneful claim,
One wish alone the anxious task can move,
The wish to charm the ear of HIM I LOVE.

If in the dance with eager feet
I seek a grace before unknown,
And dare the critic eye to meet,
Nor heed though scornful numbers frown,
This wish to fear superior bids me prove,
The wish to charm the eye of HIM I LOVE.

And if, my woman's fears resigned,
I thus my loved retirement leave,
My bumble vest with roses bind,
And jewels in my tresses weave;
One wish alone could such vast efforts move,
The wish to *fix the heart* of HIM I LOVE.

The rehearsals, meanwhile, were pleasanter than I expected. My husband was *forced* to be a great deal with me, as he had to *rehearse* so much with me; and Lady Martindale chose to practice her ballet in her own apartment, in sight of a long glass. Therefore I had not to bear, as I expected, my husband's complete neglect; and I could smile at the meanness which led her to come in while I was rehearsing, and lament, as she looked on, loud enough for Seymour and me to hear, that the *charmante* Henrietta Goodwin was summoned away, and could not perform the heroine, because she did it *a ravir*. I saw Pendarves change color often when she said this, and she said it daily; but as he thought I much excelled Miss Goodwin, he attributed it to female envy, and perhaps to *jealousy* of me as *his wife*.

At length the first day of our theatricals took place, and a company far more select, and less numerous than I expected, was assembled. My mother had insisted on defraying my expenses, and both my dresses were elegant. You must forgive my vanity when I say, that, with rouge replacing my natural bloom, and clad in a most becoming manner, I looked as young, and as well, as when I married;—while to my grateful joy, my husband seemed to admire me more than any one. Indeed, he pronounced my whole performance beyond praise, and I know not what any one else said. I made one alteration, however, in the text, on the night of representation, which called down thunders of applause. The author makes Letitia Hardy say, "that if her husband was unfaithful, she would elope with the first pretty fellow that asked her, *while her feelings preyed on her life*." I could not make my lips utter such words as these; I therefore said, "I *would not* elope like some women, &c., but would patiently endure my sufferings, *though* my feelings preyed on my life."

Seymour was so *surprised*, so confounded, and so affected, that he seized my hand and pressed it to his heart and lips before he could reply; and my mother told me afterwards, that she could scarcely control her emotions at a change so worthy of me, and so well-timed. The *next* representation was deferred for a week; and, whatever was the reason, Lady Martindale deferred any exhibition of herself to that future opportunity.

But the comfort and the joy of all to me was, that during this intermediate week I recovered my husband; and with him some of my good looks; while that odious lord would very fain have bestowed on me equal attention to what Seymour had bestowed on his wife, and of a less equivocal nature.

Lord Charles Belmour at this period paid us an unexpected visit, having entirely recovered from his late indisposition. I certainly was not glad to see him, though I believed he regarded me with more kindness than formerly, and he was evidently solicitous, by the most respectful attentions, to conciliate the regard of my beloved mother.

Out of compliment to Lord Charles, Seymour dined at home two days; but on the third, he insisted on taking his friend to call at Oswald Lodge, whose hospitable master had called on him, as soon as he heard of his arrival, and was anxious to have the honor of his acquaintance. Lord Charles thought the honor would all be on Mr. Oswald's side, and probably the pleasure also; but he was at length prevailed on to return the call, and to my great joy he returned, wondering at Seymour's infatuation in living so much with such a vulgar set; declaring, that even the Lady Martindale had more the air of a French *petite maitresse* than of anything akin to quality. He said this in my mother's presence and mine, and he could not have made, I own, better court to either.

"My daughter and I always thought so, and I am glad to have our judgment confirmed by your lordship," answered my mother. "But my son thinks differently."

"I do, indeed," said Pendarves, blushing; "and when Lord Charles sees *her* to advantage,—which he did not to-day,—he will not, I am sure, wonder at my admiration."

"Well, we shall see," said he: "but I trust I shall not change my mind, if the future exhibitions of her exquisite ladyship be like that of to-day. You were not there, ladies; therefore, for your amusement, allow me to open my show-box, and give you portraits of the inhabitants of Oswald Lodge."

He then stood up, and Mr. and Mrs. Oswald lived before us—air, voice, attitude, all perfectly given. Then came Lord Martindale, and at these pictures Pendarves laughed heartily; but when Lord Charles exhibited the dog and the lady, by turns, dancing, and sometimes barking for the one, and throwing himself into attitudes and smiling for the other, my husband looked much disconcerted, and said it was a gross caricature. But we did not think so; and though neither my mother nor myself approved such exhibitions, and on principle discouraged them, still, on this occasion, I must own, they were very gratifying to me. But the feeling was an unworthy one, and it was soon punished, for Seymour said, with a look of reproach, "You have mortified me, Helen: I had given you credit for more generosity; I did not think you would thus enjoy a laugh at *any* one's expense—especially that of one whose graces and talents you have yourself acknowledged."

I felt humbled and ashamed at the just reproof, though I thought he should not thus have reproved me, and I was silent; but my mother haughtily replied, "I am glad to hear you own you are mortified to find your wife has *some* leaven of human frailty, as I am now for the first time convinced that you appreciate her justly."

"I have many faults," he replied; "but that of not valuing Helen as she deserves was never one of them; and oh! how deeply do I feel, and bitterly lament, that I am not more worthy of her and you!"

My mother instantly held out her hand to him, while Lord Charles exclaimed, "What a graceful and candid avowal! No wonder the offender is so soon forgiven! But believe me, dear madam, there is no hope of amendment from persons who are so ready to own their faults; for they consider that candor makes amends for all their errors, and throws such a charm over them, that they have no motive to improve, especially if they are young and handsome, like my friend here; for really, he looked so pretty, and modest, and pathetic, that I wondered you only gave him your hand to kiss."

"Be quiet, Lord Charles; you are not a kind commentator."

"But I am a just one. Oh! believe me, there is more hope of an ugly dog like me, who can't look affecting, than of such a man as Seymour. I *cannot* make error look engaging if I would, and therefore must reform in good earnest when I wish to please."

That night, Seymour, who sat up with Lord Charles, did not come to bed till some hours after me. I was awake when he entered the room, and could not help asking him what had kept them up so late, anticipating his answer only too well.

"We sat up playing piquet," said he, in a cheerful voice; "and I am a great winner, Helen. If Lord Charles stays some days, and plays as he did to-night, I am a made man: only think of my winning a hundred pounds since you left us."

"But if Lord Charles should not always play as he did to-night, and you should *lose* a hundred pounds, what is to become of you then?"

"Pshs, Helen! you are always so wise and cautious; there, there, go to sleep, and do not alarm yourself concerning what may never happen."

But I could not go to sleep, though I said no more; and I saw that our guest would probably upset those resolutions to which Pendarves had for some time adhered. True, he had not been tempted to break them; but had his desire for play been strong, he could have sought means to indulge it. He had not done so,—and therefore I thought him cured; though, as most persons have recourse to gaming merely to produce excitement, and the stimulus of alternate hope and fear, I could not but see that Oswald Lodge and Lady Martindale amply supplied to my husband the place of play; and so that he was interested and amused, it mattered not whence that feeling was derived. And this was he who had declared himself the votary of domestic habits, home amusements, and literary pursuits! But now he was most unexpectedly and unnecessarily assailed; for he had not gone to temptation, but it was come to him—and my resolution was taken.

The next morning, while we were at breakfast, a chaise stopped at our door. It was sent from Oswald Lodge, to convey my husband thither immediately, as a note from Lady Martindale informed him that she could not make arrangements for the next evening's exhibition without his advice and assistance; for nobody, she added, had any taste but himself.

This note Lord Charles playfully snatched from him, and would read aloud, much to Seymour's annoyance; as, though the language was elegant, there was not a word spelt right, and every rule of grammar was violated.

"The education of this well-born lady was much neglected, I see," said Lord Charles: "would she could spell as well as she can flatter!"

He then read the concluding compliment aloud.

"*C'est un peu fort*," he observed, returning the note, which Seymour angrily observed he ought not to have allowed him to read.

"Well; but you obey the summons, I suppose?"

"Certainly."

"And when may we hope to see *you* again?"

"As soon as I can get away."

"That may not be till bed-time."

"Impossible! Have I not promised to give you your revenge this evening?"

"Yes; but when a lady's in the case—"

"Nonsense! I shall return to dinner."

"And not before? How mortifying it is to me to see that you are not afraid of leaving me so many hours at liberty, to pay court to your wife—with whom, you know, I am desperately in love."

"If my wife were not what she is, I should be so; and my confidence, I assure you, is not in *you*, but in *her*."

"Besides, we shall not be alone, my lord, for I am going to challenge you," said I, "to call on my mother."

"Agreed! And now I am flattered. Your lady, you see, thinks me a more formidable person than you do. Suppose, my dear lady, that we go off together, only to punish him for his weak confidence?"

"We will consider of it," said I, laughing, "and in the meanwhile we will visit my mother."

My husband then drove off, and I prepared for my walk. When I returned, I found Lord Charles walking up and down the room, and with a thoughtful, disturbed countenance.

"Mrs. Pendarves," cried he, "I have no patience with that infatuated husband of yours! Here am I come on purpose to see him, and for a short time only, and yet, at the call of this equivocal French peeress, he leaves me—and has the indecorum, too, to go away, and leave me with his beautiful wife! Tell me, do you not believe in love-powders and philters? for surely some must have been administered to him."

"Not necessarily: my ill health, the consequence of sorrow, and that sorrow itself, made poor Seymour's home uncomfortable to him. He did not like to see me suffer; therefore, he acquired a habit of seeking amusement elsewhere; and the flatteries and invitations of these gay and agreeable people have at last obtained a complete ascendancy over him."

"That I see; and such people, too! And to think of what the foolish man leaves! Mrs. Pendarves, I think that if I had had such a wife as his, I could not have left my home as he does."

"Lord Charles," replied I, "this is language which I will not listen to; but I laugh at your self-deception. The habits of all men of the world are similar, and alike powerful, and *your* wife would be left as I am; but I assure you that I am convinced my husband loves me tenderly notwithstanding; and I am trying, by conforming to his habits, to make myself as agreeable to him as others are."

Lord Charles seemed about to break into violent exclamations of some kind or other, but I stopped him, and begged to lead the way to my mother's. He bowed respectfully, and followed me; then, taking his arm, I tried to begin the conversation I meditated: and luckily, he made my task easy by saying, "I conclude Pendarves told you how completely he beat me at cards last night. But he has promised to give me my revenge to-night. The truth is, I have not played piquet these two years; but before I leave you I expect to recover my knowledge, and to turn my visit to account; for I have been very unsuccessful at Brookes's lately."

I now stopped, and said, "Hear me, Lord Charles! I believe that you can be a kind and honorable man, and that you are really disposed to be a friend to me."

"To be sure—to be sure I am."

"I feel, I own, your power to be my foe in many essential points, but I am equally sure that you can be my friend if you choose; and I request you, if you value my peace of mind, not to tempt my husband to renew that habit and fondness for play, which he had lost, which he cannot afford to indulge, and which, I assure you, has impoverished and distressed us."

"You amaze me! Impoverished!"

"Yes; we have been forced to part with our horses and dismiss servants. Surely, therefore, it would not be the part of a friend to lure Pendarves to the risk of losing a hundred pounds a night. My lord, I throw myself on your generosity, and say no more."

"You have said enough; and the admirable wife's prudence shall make amends for the rashness of her husband. Besides, I am so flattered by your confidence in me! At last to find you considering me as a friend, confiding in me as a friend, and asking assistance from me as a friend! I protest I am more flattered by your friendship than I should be by the love of twenty other women. Take my revenge! No, indeed. He shall keep his hundred pounds: 'I will none of it.'"

"Hold; not so; play with him this evening: but whether you win or lose, declare you will play no more. I would rather you should win back the money, and even more; for it may be dangerous to Seymour to feel himself enriched by play, and he may go on, though not with you; but after this evening forbear."

"Excellent! excellent! Oh, that ever I should come hither! I shall be a lost man; for I shall fancy it so charming a thing to have a wife to take care of me, that I shall marry, and find too late there is only one Helen Pendarves! But tell me, do you wish me to go away to-day, to-morrow, or when—in order to put you out of your pain?"

"By no means; I rely implicitly on your promise; and I owe it to you to assure you, Lord Charles, that your company is most welcome to me, and that I shall not forget your kindness."

I now offered him my hand, which he was going to kiss; but suddenly dropping it, he said,

"No—no; take it away. You must not be too good to me; I am not a man to be trusted with much flattery and kindness; for, ugly as I am, the women have so spoiled me, that I may fancy even you are kind to me for the love of my fine eyes," opening his gooseberry eyes as wide as he could, and in a manner so irresistibly comic, that I gave way to that laughter which he delighted to excite. I therefore entered my mother's parlor looking more animated than usual, and she looked most graciously on my companion as the cause; but she seemed displeased when she found Pendarves was gone to Oswald Lodge, and had left me to entertain his noble guest.

I now took my departure, having some poor cottages to visit. When I came back, I saw by the thoughtful brow and flushed cheek of both, that their conversation had been of a very interesting nature; and I also saw that there was an air of confiding intimacy between them, which I never expected to see between two persons so little accordant in habits and sentiments.

But every human being has a capacity for good as well as evil, and the great difference in us all, results chiefly, I believe, from the favorable or unfavorable circumstances in which we are placed. Lord Charles had been so circumstanced, that his capacity for evil alone had been cultivated; and till he knew my mother and myself, he had never met in women any other description of companions than those whom he courted, conquered, and despised—and those whose rigid morals and disagreeable manners threw him haughtily at a distance, and made him hate virtue for their sakes. But now, trusted, noticed, liked by women of a different kind, his good feelings were awakened; and while *with us*, he really was the amiable being which he might, differently situated, have always been.

"I love to be with you," said he to us: "your influence is so beneficial over me, and you wrap me in such a pleasing illusion! for while I am with you, I fancy myself as good as you are; but when I go away I shall be just as bad again. Well; have you nothing to say in reply? How disappointed I am! for I thought you would in mercy have exclaimed, 'Then stay here forever!' Would that I could!"

And indeed, when he did go, I missed him. But to return to the place whence I digressed. Pendarves came home time enough to take a ride with Lord Charles, but he took care to let him see that he expected more attention from him.

That evening he challenged my husband to piquet; and having won back nearly the whole of what he had lost, positively declined playing any more: and, much to Seymour's vexation, he would not play again while he stayed. The second night's performances at Oswald Lodge now took place; but though Lord Charles stayed to be present at them, he could not help expressing his astonishment to me, when alone, that a modest, respectable gentlewoman like myself should ever have joined in them, and that my husband should have permitted it.

"It is very well for these fiddling, frolicking, fun-hunting Oswalds," said he, "to fill their house with persons and things of this sort, and rant and roar, and kick and jump, and make fools and tumblers of themselves, and such of their guests as like it; but never did I expect to see the dignified and retiring Helen Pendarves exhibiting her person on a stage, and levelling herself to a Lady Martindale. As your friend, your adoring friend, I tell you, that such an exhibition degrades you."

"It would do so were it my *choice*, but it is my *necessity*; and the fulfilment of a painful duty *exalts* rather than degrades."

"Duty!"

"Yes; my husband required me to act, and I obeyed."

"I understand you. Oh! what a rash, ill-judging being he is! But I beg your pardon, and will say no more. Yet I must add, you are *justified*—but alas! what can justify *him*?"

This conversation did not give me any additional courage to undertake and execute my task; especially as I had now reputation as an actress to lose, and other circumstances increased my timidity. Lady Martindale had purposely reserved all her powers for this evening, and, as she herself said, she was very glad to have her performance witnessed by such a judge as Lord Charles Belmour—a man whose opinion, she knew, was looked up to in all circles as decisive, with regard to beauty, grace, and talents. No wonder, therefore, that to throw her spells round him was become the object of her ambition. Hitherto he had avoided her, and she seemed conscious that he did not admire her. Her only hope was, I believe, therefore, to charm him at once by a *coup de theatre*; and while she convinced Pendarves that for *him* alone she would exert her various powers, her fascinating graces were in reality aimed at Lord Charles: so I thought and suspected,—and though jealousy *blinds*, it also very often *enlightens*. She was to begin the entertainments by acting a French proverb with a French gentleman, an *emigre*, who was staying at the house; and having no doubt of her transcendant powers, I felt very reluctant to enter into competition with her. Yet, was not the prize for which I strove my husband's admiration? But then was I not degrading myself from the dignity of a wife and a private gentlewoman, by putting myself into a competition like this? The question was difficult to answer, and while I was thus ruminating, the curtain drew up.

I shall not describe her performance; suffice, that the exhibition was perfect. The dialogue was epigrammatic, and the scenes too short to let the attention flag. Every word, every gesture, every look told; and the curtain dropped amidst the loudest applauses.

I could only see from the side-scene; but I saw enough to make me feel my own inferiority, and I went on for Letitia Hardy in a tremor of spirits of which I was quite ashamed; nor could the kindest of the audience applaud me, except from pity and the wish to encourage me; while I saw that Lord Charles could not even do that, and sat silent, and I thought uneasy. However, I recovered myself in the masquerade scene, though my voice when I sang still trembled with emotion; and now I was overwhelmed with plaudits, and even Lord Charles seemed pleased: *for*, as I was masked, I could examine the audience. Still the play went *off* languidly, after the lively petite piece, and *I* saw I had mortified my husband's vanity, which my first performance had gratified.

Much impatience was expressed for the next entertainment, which was Rousseau's Pygmalion. Pygmalion, by the French Marquis; the Statue, by Lady Martindale. This was received with delight; and I saw that the beautiful statue, whose exquisite proportions were anything but concealed by the dress she wore, absorbed completely the attention of Pendarves; and when she left the stage, apparently exhausted, how different were the look and manner with which he led her to her drawing-room, to those with which he had so handed me!

"Why, why," said I to myself, "did I *attempt* a comparison in which I was sure to fail?" But if I had erred, I had meant well, and my mother had approved my conduct, and that must console me under my want of success; for, instead of winning Seymour back, I now saw that, feeling my rival's superiority over me, he would be more her slave than ever.

The whole concluded with a ballet of action, a monodrame, by Lady Martindale, to which I was too uncomfortable to attend; but what I saw I thought admirable. She pretended to be overcome with fatigue when it was ended, and fell into my husband's arms, who, in his alarm, called me to her assistance. I went; but her lip retained its glowing hue, and I saw in her illness nothing but a *new attitude*, and that the statue was now *recumbent*. Having been long enough contemplated in this posture, she opened her eyes, fixed them with a dying look on Pendarves, and then desired him to lead her to her apartment; whence she returned, attired in a splendid mantle, which seemed in modesty thrown over her statue dress, but which coquettishly displayed occasionally the form it seemed intended to hide.

I never saw Lord Charles so disconcerted as he was during the whole of the time. He could not bear to praise the heroine of the evening, yet he felt that praise was her due. Nor could he bear either to find fault with or to praise *me*. In this dilemma, he seemed to think it was best to be silent; and drawing himself up, he entrenched himself in the consciousness that he was *Lord Charles Belmour*. But while Lady Martindale leaned on Seymour on one side, and I on the other, as we were awaiting the summons to supper, surrounded by our flatterers, one glance at my dejected countenance brought back his kinder feelings, and turning to my mother, who held his arm, he said,

"Shall I tell your fair daughter how enchanted I was with the masquerade scene?"

"I assure you," said Seymour, "Helen did not do herself justice to-night; she did not act as well as she *can act*."

"I should have been very sorry, so much do I esteem her, to have seen her act *better*," was his cold reply. "Would you have your wife, Pendarves, perform as well as a professional person, and as *if* she had been brought up on the stage?"

"I would wish my wife to do well whatever she undertakes," replied Seymour.

"And so she does, and so she *did*; but if you do not love her the better (as I *am sure* you do) for the graceful *timidity* which she displayed, I am sure I could not esteem you."

Lady Martindale, who watched his every look, now bit her lip, and Seymour did not look pleased. My mother owned afterwards, that what with pinching Lord Charles's arm, to see how Lord and Lady Martindale both were confused by the *first* part of his speech, and squeezing it affectionately with delight at the last, she is very sure Lord Charles carried her marks with him to London. I, too, could scarcely keep the grateful tears from flowing down my cheeks, which his well timed kindness brought into my eyes; but I saw that my expression was not lost upon him.

Seymour led Lady Martindale to the head of the supper-table, and Lord Charles, on account of his rank, was forced to sit next her.

"Painful pre-eminence!" he whispered to my mother, who, as I was one of the queens, of the night, insisted on my taking her place on the other side. Lord Martindale seated himself next me, and Seymour took the seat vacant by Lady Martindale. As Lord Charles scarcely noticed her, except as far as civility commanded, Lady Martindale soon turned her back on him, and Seymour and she seemed to forget any one else was present.

Lord Charles endeavored, by the most unremitting attentions, to conceal from me what must, he knew, distress me. But he could not do it: I heard every whisper of their softened voices, and I dare say my uneasy countenance was a complete and whimsical contrast to that of Lord Martindale, who seemed perfectly easy under circumstances which would have distressed most men, and talked and laughed with every one in his turn.

The lord and lady of the feast, who were

never tired of exhibitions, now began their usual demands on the talents of their guests, and were importunate in soliciting several of them to sing—a custom which I usually think "more honored in the breach than the observance;" but on this occasion it was welcome to me, especially as I knew that it must for a time interrupt Seymour's attention to Lady Martindale. But as the hypochondriac, when he reads a book on diseases, always finds his own symptoms in every case before him, so I, in the then existing state of my feelings, always brought home every thing I heard or read to my own heart; and two of the songs which were sung that night accorded so well with my own state of mind, that I felt the tears come into my eyes as I listened; and during the following one Pendarves sighed so audibly, that I imagined he felt great sympathy with the sentiments; and that idea increased my sufferings:—

SONG.

Oh, that I could recall the day
When all my hours to thee were given—
And, as I gazed my soul away,
Thou wert my treasure, world, and heaven?

Then time on noiseless pinions flew,
And life like one bright morning beamed;
Then love around us roses threw,
Which ever fresh and fragrant seemed.
And are these moments gone for ever?
And can they ne'er return? No—NEVER.

For, oh! that cruel traitor, Time,
Although he might unheeded move,
Bore off our Youth's luxuriant prime,
And also stole the bloom of love.

Yet still the thought of raptures past
Shall gild life's dull remaining store,
As sinking suns a splendor cast
On scenes their presence lights no more.

But are those raptures gone for ever?
And will they ne'er return? No—NEVER.

The other song was only in unison with my feelings in the last lines of the last verse. Still, while my morbid fancy made me consider them as the expression of my own sentiments, I listened with such a tell-tale countenance, that my delicacy was wounded; for I saw that my emotion was visible to those who sat opposite to me.

The song was as follows:—

FAIREST, SWEETEST, DEAREST.

A SONG.

Say, by what name can I impart
My sense, dear girl, of what thou art?
Nay, though to frown thou darest,
I'll say thou art of girls the pride,
And though that modest lip may chide,
Mary! I'll call thee "FAIREST."

Yet no—that word can but express
The soft and winning loveliness
In which the sight thou meetest:
But not thy heart, thy temper too,
So good, so sweet,—Ha! that will do!
Mary! I'll call thee "SWEETEST."

But "fairest—sweetest," vain would be,
To speak the love I feel for thee:
Why smil'st thou as thou hearest?
"Because," she cried, "one little name
Is all I wish from thee to claim—
That precious name is 'DEAREST.'"

You will not, I conclude, imagine that I remember these songs only from having heard them that night, especially as they have very little merit; but the truth is, I was so pleased with them, because I fancied them applicable to my own feelings, that I requested them of the gentlemen who sung, and they were given to me.

Lord Charles meanwhile listened to the singing with great impatience, as he had enough of the entertainment, and still more of the company, which was very numerous, and by no means as select as it had been before. Indeed, at one table were many persons in whom the observant eye of Lord Charles discovered associates whose evident vulgarity made him feel himself out of his place. However, he could not presume to break up the party; and as our indefatigable host and hostess still kept forcing the talents of their guests into their service, song succeeded to song, and duet to dust. From one of the latter, however, sung by a lady and gentleman, I at length derived a soothing feeling, and in one moment, an observation of Seymour's, with, as I fancied, a correspondent and *intended* expression of countenance, removed a load from my heart, and my clouded brow became, consciously to myself, unclouded again.

The words of this healing duet were as follows:—

DUET.

Say, why art thou pensive, beloved of my heart?
Indeed I am happy wherever thou art:
My eyes, I confess, towards others may rove,
But never, believe me, with wishes of love.
And trust me, however my glances may roam,
Of them, and my heart, THOU ALONE ART THE HOME.

ANSWER.

Perhaps I am wrong, thus dejected to be:
But my faithful eyes never wander from thee:
On beauty and youth I unconsciously gaze;
No thought, no emotion, in me they can raise;
And ah! if thine eyes get the habit to roam,
How can I be certain they'll EVER COME HOME!

"Oh! trust thy own charms! See the bee as he flies,
And visits each blossom of exquisite dyes;
There culls of their sweetness some store for his cell:
But short are his visits, and prompt his farewell:
For still he remembers, howe'er he may roam,
That hoard of delight which AWAITS HIM AT HOME.

"Then trust me, however thy Henry may roam,
I feel my best pleasures await me at HOME."

I'll try to believe, however thou roam,
Thy heart's dearest pleasures await thee at home.

"That is a charming duet," cried Seymour, when it was ended; then leaning behind Lady Martindale and Lord Charles, and calling to me, he said, with a look from which my conscious eye shrunk, "Helen, I admire the sentiment of that duet. I think, my love, we will get it: we should sing it *con amore*—should we not?" I could not look at him as I replied, "*I* could, I am *sure*."

"Silly girl," he added, in a low and kind tone; "and so, I am *sure*, could I."

I then ventured to raise my eyes to his; and his expression was such, that I felt quite a different creature, and was able to enjoy the rest of the evening.

But why do I enter into these minute and unimportant details? Let me efface them—but no; perhaps they may chance to meet the eyes of some whose hearts have felt the anxieties and the vicissitudes of mine, and to them they may be interesting. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia, which arrived on the 29th, brings Liverpool dates to the 18th.

The steamer Hammonia left Hamburg for New York on the 14th. Shortly after leaving port her magazine was exploded, and she was forced to put back, five of her passengers being injured. She was to sail again on the 19th, with 300 passengers.

The advices from Valentia in relation to the telegraph cable continue to be discouraging, but Mr. Hendley is sanguine of making the line serviceable again with his new magneto-electric machines. The shares of the company have fluctuated, and have sold as low as £315.

Mr. Lundy, one of the assistants at Valentia, had started for Newfoundland, to ascertain the condition of the wire at Trinity Bay, and arrange a day on which a certain code of signals are to be sent at concerted times from both ends, and endeavor thus to re-establish intelligible communication.

The London Times of the 17th says, it appears that the recent experiments induce the belief that the fracture or fractures, for it is thought there may be two, will be found at a distance of between two and three hundred miles from shore. For about 230 or 240 miles the depth is only 410 fathoms, and within that range the distance may easily be repaired; but a sudden descent then occurs to between 1,500 and 1,800 fathoms, where it is extremely doubtful whether it can be repaired. The probability seems to be that it is at this abrupt point where the damage has been sustained.

Paul Murphy has turned the tide of battle in his favor on the chess-board, and there remains only one game out of seven to decide the championship between Harrwitz, the Prussian, and the American.

The cession of the port of Villa Franca to Russia, by France, merely conveys a privilege similar to those enjoyed at Spezzia by the United States.

An attack upon the Emperor of Ava is ordered—he having refused to yield to the demands of France.

The vintage in Portugal is said to be the most abundant that has occurred for the past five years.

RUSSIA.—A St. Petersburg letter says that a financial plan has been submitted to the Emperor, for the purpose of furnishing the capital required for the emancipation of the serfs. A bank of issue is to be established, according to the plan, with a capital equal to the indemnity to be paid the proprietors, the notes ultimately to be withdrawn from circulation by means of a sinking fund. There is every chance for its adoption, with some modification.

The Emperor of Russia, not satisfied with having recalled so many Polish exiles from Siberia, has actually restored to them their formerly confiscated estates. The returned exiles are reinstated at once into the full possession of their property, with the condition of paying for it after eighty years. Few can imagine the sentiments of delight created in Poland at this unparalleled act of generosity.

The Emperor Alexander is said to have made up the profit and loss account of the Circassian war, and to have discovered that the bargain hitherto was, and in future probably will be, in reality, a very bad one. It is therefore, his intention, so the report says, to put a stop to the war.

AUSTRIA.—The situation of the Protestants in Austria (says the *Zeit* of Berlin) now threatens to become deplorable. It may be remembered that the Protestants of Hungary petitioned the Emperor for permission to form an independent religious community, enjoying the same rights as others. During his Majesty's visit to that country they were led to hope that their wishes would be gratified, but it is now understood that the request of the Protestant synod has been rejected, and they have been told that matters must remain in their present state."

SPAIN.—A Madrid paper states that Lord Malmesbury has given the Spanish Government full explanations of the passages in his speech in the House of Lords on the slave trade. He disclaims all intention of offending the "noble Spanish nation"—intimating, however, a justification for complaints of those nations who have not observed the treaties on the slave trade.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Sept. 17.—Cotton has advanced during the week ¼d on all qualities. Messrs. Richardson & Spence report an advance of ¼d@½d, but the latter point was scarcely maintained.

Breadstuffs declining, one firm quotes flour 6d lower. Corn dull.

Those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain,
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct in the martial art.
—*Hudibras.*

☞ UNEDUCATED CRITICS.—Owls sitting in judgment on the light.

☞ A placard in the window of a patent medicine vender in the Rue Saint Honore, Paris, reads as follows: "The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of *another* quack just opposite."

Late, too late, I find,
No faith, nor gratitude, nor friendly trust—
No force of obligations can subsist
Between the guilty. —*Brook.*

☞ In the Talmud there is a forcible figure descriptive of the depth of the sea. "Stop not in there," runs the passage, "for, seven years ago, a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom."

☞ The Marysville News said to the Sierra Democrat, "We don't wish to settle anything with you, brother Forbes.' Forbes answers: "Wishing to settle is not a weakness of yours, we believe."

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.
—*Shakespeare.*

☞ THE WISE WIFE.—She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot.—*Fuller.*

☞ An Irishman, trying to put out a gas light with his fingers, cried out, "Och murther, the divil a wick's in it!"

With fame, in just proportion envy grows,
The man who makes a character, makes foes.

☞ "Talking of law," says Pompey, "makes me think of what de 'mortal Cato, who lib 'mos a thousand years ago, once said: 'De law am like a groun' glass window, dat gibs light 'nuff to light us poor folks in de dark passages of dis life; but would puzzle de debbel hisself to see through it.'"

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

THE ELECTION—FRASER RIVER NEWS UNSATISFACTORY, &c.

By the arrival of the steamship Moses Taylor, at New York, from Aspinwall, with the California mails and $1,600,000 in gold, we have later news from the Pacific. The California State election resulted in the success of the Administration Democratic ticket by from 6,000 to 10,000 majority, and the same party carried a large majority in the Legislature. San Francisco elected the People's ticket for local officers, and a Republican delegation to the Legislature. The Douglas wing of the Democracy nominated candidates for Representatives to Congress, (Hon. J. C. McKibben and A. L. Dudley,) against whom no opposition candidates were run by the Administration wing, the Legislature having, at its last session, passed a bill postponing the election of members of Congress until next year. The point raised by the Douglas Democrats is that the Constitution provides that "members of Congress shall be elected every two years;" and as the last Congressional election took place two years ago, the Legislature had no power to postpone the election.

Rather a severe shock of an earthquake was experienced about 11 o'clock on the night of the 18th, which was followed by several of less severity.

The Democracy have held their conventions in San Francisco, and, at the first assemblage, they passed resolutions strongly opposed to the Administration in relation to its policy in Kansas, in consequence of which the Administration men withdrew, and have since organised separate conventions and issued a separate ticket.

About 2,000 persons have returned from Fraser river since the 1st. The news from that region is unsatisfactory, the water being still too high to allow profitable mining. Business was dull at Victoria, and property greatly depreciated. The Indians still held a threatening attitude. Considerable excitement was created by a report of gold discoveries in Vancouver's Island, northwest of Victoria, and thousands had rushed thither and staked off their claims, when it turned out a humbug. Many persons who had migrated to the Fraser river and other gold diggings in the British possessions, had returned to California.

The overland mail by way of Salt Lake arrived at Placerville on the 20th of August. The first stage of the same line left San Francisco on the 25th with fourteen passengers.

New and extremely rich diggings had been discovered on Soda Creek, in Shasta county. The diggers were realizing $300 per day.

Four Indian diggings in El Dorado county had been nearly destroyed by fire.

A duel had taken place between George Ten Johnston, Administration editor, and W. S. Ferguson, ex-State Senator and Douglas politician. The latter was shot in the thigh.

The United States Government had commenced a suit at San Francisco for the possession of the new Almaden quicksilver mines, valued at many millions of dollars, which it is charged is now held by a forged title.

An unusual number of murders, assassinations, suicides, and deaths from casualties had occurred.

FROM OREGON.—The dates from Oregon are to the 21st of August.

On the 15th of August, Lieutenant J. K. Allen, with fifteen men, made a night attack upon a body of Indians on the Upper Yakima river, capturing twenty-one men, fifty women and children, and a large number of horses, with much other property. Lieutenant Allen was mortally wounded, and died the next day. Beyond this affair, no active demonstrations had been made against the Indians, though preparations were being rapidly made for an effective campaign.

HOW BOGUS COIN IS MADE.—The material from which bogus coin is manufactured, and which *forms so perfect an imitation of the genuine as* to require a practical eye to detect the difference, is composed of fine tin and nickel—the latter ingredient serving to harden and give the ringing sound. The moulds are shaped like bullet moulds, with two parts that open and shut together like shears. At one extremity a mould is made, composed of plaster of Paris in a plastic state, in a sufficient breadth to admit the insertion of several genuine coins, which are placed between the two sides and shut together. After the plaster of Paris has sufficiently hardened, the mould is opened, leaving both sides of the coin distinctly impressed on the two arms of the mould. The melted composition is then run through an orifice, and after cooling is taken out and galvanized. The cost of grain tin, one of the ingredients, is fifty cents per pound, making the cost of bogus coin about fifteen cents on the dollar.

COUNTERFEIT QUARTERS.—We hear complaints of the greatly increased abundance of counterfeit silver coin. This is especially the case with quarters and dimes, of which an unusually large number are now in circulation. They are well calculated to deceive; but are easily detected by holding them to the light, when the edges not covered with the pure metal can be discovered. On the counterfeit dimes the words "one dime" are larger than on the genuine. The quarters, in many cases have almost as clear a "ring" as the genuine; in others, (like the quarter eagles) the sound is *dead*.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.
—*Wordsworth.*

☞ By playing at chess we learn, 1st, Foresight; 2ndly, Circumspection; 3rdly, Caution, not to make our moves too hastily. We learn, also, the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs, the habit of hoping for a favorable change, and that of persevering in the search of resources.—*Dr. Franklin.*

☞ Truth is a subject which men will not suffer to grow old. Each age has to fight with its own falsehoods: each man with his love of saying to himself and those around him pleasant things and things serviceable for to-day, rather than things which are. Yet a child appreciates at once the divine necessity for truth; never asks, "What harm is there in saying the thing that is not?" and an old man finds in his growing experience wider and wider applications of the great doctrine and discipline of truth.—*Friends in Council.*

A FEMININE IMPOSTOR ABROAD.—The London Illustrated News of September 11th, publishes the following paragraph in a letter from its Paris correspondent, under date of Thursday, September 9th. It is amusing *considering that Mrs. Stowe is on this side of the Atlantic:*

A grand *banquet bas-bleu* has been given by the literary women of Paris to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, at one of the chief restaurants of the Paris Royal. From this have been excluded all the writers of the coarser sex, with the exception of three, who obtained admission on the plea of possessing feminine Christian names. The fortunate trio are M. Marie Aycard, M. Marie Escudier, and M. Eleonore de Vaulabelle.

NEWS ITEMS.

"MAMY."—This name, by a decree of Pio Nono, can no longer be given to children, on pain of excommunication. He reserves it hereafter, exclusively for the Virgin of immaculate conception.

THE TEA PLANT.—Elder Daniel Graves, in Provo, Utah, has some Chinese tea plants growing thrittily. The seed was planted in July, 1856, and the roots have thus far successfully withstood the winter.

FEMALES AND THE MINISTRY.—At the Universalist Convention, at Providence, a resolution advising the admission of females to the ministry was laid over to the next session, (to be held at Rochester, N. Y.) by a vote of fifteen to ten.

LABOR INCREASE IN WOOL.—The Wool Grower estimates an increase in round numbers of 500,000 pounds in the wool crop of Ohio, over last year—only one county, Knox, showing any considerable decrease.

AT a license suit recently tried in Cincinnati, a witness was called who did not taste the liquor, but testified positively that it was whiskey he saw sold and drank, for he could tell it a mile off. The counsel for defence asked him if he drank any of it. "Drank any of it!" he answered. "Why, no; don't you see I'm alive!"

GENERAL SCOTT has so far recovered from the effects of his recent fall that he is able to move about and transact his ordinary official and private business.

THE miners no longer depend on a permit to ascend Fraser river, but are now going "on the trail" by the way of Bellingham Bay and on to Thompson's river, thus turning a corner around custom-house vessels-of-war, licensing agents, and other obstructions.

BANK NOTES.—It is proposed to vary the size of bank notes, according to their denominations, as a preventive against the alteration of the same.

CORN CROP IN OHIO.—The Shelby county, Ohio, Democrat says the corn crop in that State will be an abundant one, and thinks that the farmers who anticipated a contrary result were more scared than hurt.

THE CHINESE AT FRASER RIVER.—The Chinese who have gone to the new gold diggings have determined to devote themselves to catching the sea-slug, which abounds in great numbers along the shores of Vancouver's Island, and which, when dried, commands enormous prices in China.

A SILENT PRINTING OFFICE.—In the town of Zablagen, Wurtemburg, there has been lately opened a new printing establishment, by M. Theodore Helgerad. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of one hundred and sixty; eleven of the former are women. They have all been educated, at Mr. Helgerad's own cost, to the employment they are now engaged in. The King has conferred on him a large gold medal for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste.

THE figure-head of the Advance, which was brought home by Dr. Kane after he had been compelled to abandon the vessel in the ice of the Arctic regions, has been presented by his relatives to the Masonic Lodge in New York named the Kane Lodge.

BOSTON, Sept. 28.—Capt. Townsend, of the brig Echo, has been remanded for a further hearing before the U. S. Circuit Court, in October, when the question of jurisdiction will be argued. He was admitted to bail in the sum of five thousand dollars.

PRECOCIOUS.—In New Orleans, some days ago, Rose M'Kinney, aged seven years, severely stabbed Willie Scuttle, aged five years, with a penknife. No cause assigned.

LUXURIES.—The following is travelling:—"If you want to keep poor, buy two glasses of ale each day, amounting at the end of the year to $36,50; smoke three cigars, $54,75; keep a big lazy dog, $15; a cat, $4; in all, the snug little sum of $110,25. Enough to buy several barrels of flour, one hundred bushels of coal, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good *coat, a respectable dress, and a half a dozen* pairs of shoes—more or less."

GOVERNOR DENVER, of Kansas, in a recent letter to the Secretary of the Interior, fully confirms the reports of the richness of the Pike's Peak gold mines, and advises that the land be freed from pre-emption, and left open for all who wish to work the mines, as they are in California.

THE famous Captain De Riviere, who appears to have come safely through all his troubles, is announced, next in order, as a public lecturer. He was to speak in New York on Wednesday evening, on "Love," a subject in which he may be supposed to be "posted." Just as he was about to commence, he was arrested on suit of Col. Grant for sending a challenge, and held to bail for $2,000. The lecture being thus unavoidably postponed, it is announced for another evening.

GEORGE PARISH, Esq., the well known millionaire of Ogdensburg, is another remarkable illustration of the French proverb, "water flows to the river." His uncle, the Baron of Seuftenberg, in Bohemia, and Knight of several Orders, has just died, leaving him heir to his title and vast possessions. Mr. Parish, our baron, is now in Bohemia making all the arrangements necessary in connection with the succession. He may be induced ultimately to fix his residence there unless his attachment to his own country and institutions should prove stronger than the attraction of feudal honors.

A GANG of gipsies have pitched their tents near Columbus, Ohio, and have made several attempts to kidnap children from that city.

CHIEF JUSTICE ECKLES has received from the President a leave of absence for three months. He proposes to avail himself of it to visit Washington, and will start from here in October. He is as firmly convinced as ever of the justice and expediency of his action in respect to Polygamy (as indeed is every impartial person in the Territory,) and he will never recede one step.—*Utah Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

DIED, in Hunter's Bottom, Ky., at the residence of her son, Wm. White, Sept. 14, Margaret Hoyt, aged 91 years. She was a native of New York, and landed at Maysville, Ky., 70 years ago. She was the first white woman in Cincinnati.

M. MARIO, the singer, has written to one of his Paris friends, complaining of the dearness of everything in that capital. He says: "I received only £23,000 for singing at the Italian opera last season, and my expenses were £35,000." Poor Mario!

SPLENDID SHOOTING.—A duel came off on the 18th inst., on the Metairie Ridge, near New Orleans, La., between Mr. Geo. Wood, of the "True Delta," and Mr. John M. Brabeson, late of that paper. Three shots were exchanged at forty paces with Mississippi rifles, but neither was hit.

THE late Ebenezer Francis of Boston, the richest man in New England, left no bequest to Harvard College, as expected. He bequeaths $100,000 in legacies, $200,000 to each of his two daughters, Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Bowditch, and the balance of his estate he places in trust for the benefit of his nine grandchildren; the interest, about $234,000 per year, to go to his daughters. The grand total is about five millions.

A BREAK DISCOVERED IN THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The workmen employed in cutting up the cable in the machine shop in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, found a break a short time since in the communicating copper wire, about three-eighths of an inch long, through which the saw passed in the solid gutta percha, showing that the disconnection must have occurred during the process of manufacture, and, therefore, leading to the very great probability that other similar *lesions* may have occurred in other parts of the cable. What have the electricians to say in regard to this fact, which is reliably authenticated?

POSTAGE.—The Postmaster-General has ordered that all "supplements," or "extras," folded within regular issues of daily or weekly journals, not actual and bona fide editions of such publications, conveying intelligence of passing events and general news, subject the whole package to letter postage.

A VALUABLE MARE.—The celebrated racer, Fashion, was exhibited, at the Ohio State Fair, last week. She had with her a blooded colt. She is now over 21 years old, and has won for her owners, at different times, $54,000. In 1842, Fashion beat Boston. She is now owned by Reeber and Keeting, of Lancaster, Ohio, who purchased her, three years ago, for $2,500.

THE CURRENCY OF RUSSIA.—A letter from St. Petersburg says:—"The Russian Government has it in contemplation to re-establish a metallic currency throughout the empire. Sixty millions of paper money have been already called in and cancelled, but it appears that a complete reform is to take place. The capital necessary for this new operation is estimated at one hundred millions of roubles, three-fourths of which, it is said, will be furnished by a direct loan. The remainder is to be completed from the depots of the precious metals in the fortresses of St. Peter and St. Paul."

GENERAL CASS has written a despatch to the Nicaraguan dignitaries, taking high ground in favor of American interests in that quarter, and sternly rebuking the efforts to establish protectorates of foreign powers.

OPTICAL PHENOMENON.—It will be recollected that an assertion made by young Wise, the aeronaut, that, on one of his ascensions from this city, he could see the bottom of rivers, and discern the fishes sporting in the water, was received with much incredulity. The same fact, however, has been noted by other aeronauts. Mr. H. M. Spencer, who recently ascended from Pittsfield, in this State, in his account of the excursion, remarks, as a curious fact, that, while passing over lakes, the lilies and other water plants were distinctly visible, even to their stems, in the water, when objects very much larger, on land, could not be distinguished.

THERE are conflicting reports about the Pike's Peak gold mines. It is said that Mr. John Richard had procured $35,000 of gold dust from the Indians of that vicinity, and other instances of success are related. On the other hand, it is said that it is very difficult to obtain the gold, and that the best machinery will be required, and that the climate is very variable and unhealthy, ice forming at night and the sun being excessively hot during the day.

A HORSE thief was detected at Indianapolis on Saturday last, in a singular manner. The thief had taken a horse and buggy left by their owner in the street. He took, accidentally, the road upon which the owner lived. The horse refused to pass the house. The ladies of the family, their attention being attracted, came out and took both horse and buggy from the thief. The thief sloped toward the city, and made his escape.

HEAVY FINE.—Henry Goulding, president of a bank of Worcester, Mass., has been subjected to a fine of $14,000 for conveying property to twice that value out of his hands, to escape taxation. One-half of this fine goes to the prosecutor and the other half to the town.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH A "SLOW COACH."—The rate of travel of the comet is computed to be 150,000 miles per hour, at which rate the distance between Boston and San Francisco round Cape Horn, (10,000 miles,) would be accomplished in four minutes, or between New York and Liverpool in one minute and six seconds. The telegraph had better acknowledge beat.

A GERMAN boy, only fifteen years of age, employed by the Postmaster at San Antonio, Texas, has been arrested for robbing the mail. He had succeeded in getting from $50,000 to $60,000 in drafts, bank stocks, and lottery tickets. He said it was his intention to go back to his uncle in Germany, and not use the drafts in this country—believing they would be converted into money there without any sort of difficulty. He was handed a sealed letter, and asked to show *how he opened letters without mutilating them.* He took out his knife and, in a moment's time, opened it with the greatest dexterity, not mutilating it in the slightest.

THE EFFECT OF WATER ON BURNING TAR.—The N. Y. Tribune says, speaking of the burning of the Austria:—

"Was such a catastrophe inevitable? Almost inevitable it certainly was, if a vessel of burning tar was still upon the deck, and water was thrown upon it. It was the fortune of the writer once to hear on shipboard, many hundred miles from land, and out of a much frequented track of ships, the appalling cry of Fire! A vessel of burning tar had been upset, and the liquid fire was flying in every direction upon streams of water dashed upon it by the half-frantic sailors. But the quickness, the presence of mind, the energy and the knowledge of the captain and his first officer were equal to the emergency of that terrible moment. The command was given, and instantly obeyed, to stop the water; the next moment every bed, and blanket, and bed-quilt, and pea-jacket was thrown up from the forecastle, and in five minutes the fire, which in five minutes more would have wrapped the ship in flames, was extinguished. Undoubtedly the fire on board the Austria might have been as easily conquered if doing the wrong thing had been soon enough stopped, and the right thing done. But to these were requisite, first, knowledge, second, presence of mind, and, third, the power to use them. Unfortunately the men in places of trust on board the ocean steamers are not always, perhaps not generally, the old-fashioned 'salts' who sailed the old-fashioned ships, who knew their business and never lost their balance; and even if the man who was sent down between-decks of the Austria with a bucket of tar and a hot iron was one of these, no knowledge and no presence of mind could avail him anything, surrounded, as he probably was, with steerage passengers, who in their ignorance and affright did precisely the wrong thing, and did it with all their might, because they were sure it was the right thing to do. It was not a time to convince men that there are cases where water will not quench fire."

POISON OF THE COMMON TOAD.—It is an ancient and common opinion that toads and salamanders possess a subtle venom; this, however, has been generally deemed fabulous by those engaged in scientific purposes. MM. Gratiolet and Cloes, in a report to the French Academy, show that there is in reality some foundation for the common belief, and that toads and salamanders do secrete a deadly poison. These gentlemen inoculated small animals with the milky fluid contained in the dorsal and parotid pustules of these animals, and found it productive of fatal effects in a short space of time. A turtle-dove slightly wounded in the wing and innoculated with the liquid secreted by the salamander, died in terrible convulsions in eight minutes. Five small birds inoculated with the lactescent humor of the common toad, died in five or six seconds, but without convulsions. The liquid of the pustule of the toad, even after being dried, kills birds, though not with the same rapidity as when fresh.—*Scientific American.*

SWAPPING WIVES.—The Danville Transcript says:—A friend informs us that an occurrence in Patrick county came to his knowledge a few days since, which we consider decidedly rich. Two of the citizens of that go-ahead State, having each about a half-dozen children, concluded to make a swap of an unheard of character. One proposed to exchange wives, but the other thinking his wife the most likely woman, said he must have something to boot. It was finally agreed that the one should give the other *two and a half bushels of potatoes*, and the swap was made. This, we doubt not, is a fact to which our friend can furnish vouchers.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—Supplies of Flour have been coming forward quite liberally during the past week, but there has been a fair inquiry both for export and home consumption, and prices of superfine, of which the stock on hand is now extremely light, have advanced 12½c ₱ bbl, while for extra and extra family brands, holders have not been able to realize any improvement. The sales for the week foot up about 8000 bbls at $5,37½@5,62½ ₱ bbl for mixed and good straight brands, closing at the latter quotation; $5,87½@6,25 for extra, and $6,25@7 for extra family, including 1000 bbls of "Diamond Mills" extra at $6,50 ₱ bbl, and some sour at $4,75@5. The sales to the home trade have been to a fair extent within the range of our quotations. Rye Flour is scarce, and has been selling in a small way at $4 ₱ bbl. The market is bare of Corn Meal, and it is wanted at an advance of 12½c ₱ bbl. Small sales at $4,12½.

GRAIN.—There has been less wheat coming forward, and it has been in demand for milling at the advance noticed at the close of last week. Sales of 26,000 bushels, ranging from $1,20 ₱ bus for inferior, up to $1,34 for prime red, chiefly at $1,28@1,33, and $1,36@1,45 for white, including some lots of choice Kentucky at the latter rate. Rye has again advanced. 4,000 bushels sold at 75@83c ₱ bus for new, and 85@87½c for old. Corn has been dull and prices have declined 3 cents. 20,000 bushels have been sold at 91@93c for good yellow; 86c for good white, and 80@86c for mixed Western and damaged. Oats have been in demand, and with limited supplies prices have again advanced 1c ₱ bus. Sales of 12,000 bus at 44@45c for new Southern; 45@47 for Pennsylvania, and 50c for old.

PROVISIONS—But very little doing. The receipts and stocks are light, but ample for the demand. There has been no inquiry, except to supply the immediate wants of the trade. Sales of Mess Pork, in lots, at $18 ₱ bbl 60 days, and small lots of Prime at $15,25@15,50. There is very little of the latter description here. City packed Mess Beef sells as wanted for ship's stores, at $16@16,50 cash. Bacon—There has been but little doing, and no change to notice in prices.—Sales of 200 casks, in lots, part for the South, at 10½@13c for Plain and Fancy Canvassed Hams; 9c for Sides, and 7@7½c for Shoulders. 82 casks light Western summer cured dry salt Sides sold at 8c, 90 days and 3 mos. The stock of Bulk Meats is nearly exhausted, the season being now over.—We quote Hams at 8c and Shoulders at 6½c; 35 casks Sides sold at a shade less than 8c. Lard—There is very little here, and but little demand for it. Prices, however, are firm. Small sales of bbls at 11½@12c, and kegs at 12½@13c, cash and time. Butter—There has been a moderate inquiry at 11½@13c ₱ lb for Rolled Packed, and 12@16c for Roll.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue light, but the demand has fallen off, and the advance noted at the close of last week has not been maintained. Sales of 730 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 13½@14½c ₱ lb, cash, for middling and middling fair quality.

BARK—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron Bark continue small, and it has been in demand at a further advance of $1 ₱ ton. Sales of 120 hhds No. 1 at $30@31—closing at the latter rate. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX continues very scarce, and good Yellow is wanted at 31c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL continues dull. A few cargo sales are making at our last quotations, but no increased demand can be anticipated for the article until there is some revival in the manufacturing interests.

COFFEE—The market is quite firm, the stock in first hands being extremely light, and there having been no further arrivals. Sales of 3500 bags Rio at 11@12c. 1100 bags inferior do. on terms not made public. 1000 bags St. Domingo, to go out of the market, at 9½c, and 500 bags Laguayra at 12c ₱ lb, on time.

COPPER is very dull. Small sales of Yellow Metal at 21c ₱ lb, 6 months.

FEATHERS—But few offering, and good Westerns readily command 50c ₱ lb, cash.

FRUIT—For Dried Apples there has been a steady demand, and prices range from 7 to 7½c ₱ lb for new. Dried Peaches come forward very freely. Sales of 500 bush unpared halves at 11@12c, and pared quarters and halves at 15@18c.

HEMP—But little here, and no transactions *have been reported.*

HOPS continue extremely dull, and sell only in a small way at 9@12c for old crop; new is held at 20c.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal continues limited, and prices have undergone no change.—Sales of 500 tons No 1 Anthracite at $20,50@21; 200 tons No 2 at $20. 250 tons Forge at $19, and 500 tons mixed numbers on terms not made public; 1800 tons No 2 Foundry sold at $19 cash. A sale of old Railroad Bars was made at $28, cash. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig Iron. For Bar and Boiler Iron prices have been steady, and there is a little more inquiry.

LEAD—But little stock here in first hands.—Sales of 258 pigs of Virginia at 5½c ₱ lb, cash, and 50 tons English on terms kept private.

LUMBER continues extremely quiet. A cargo of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards sold at $14 ₱ M feet. Sales of 250,000 extra St. Johns Laths at $1,35@1,40; 300,000 common Calais ditto at $1,20@1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is extremely quiet, owing to the absence of supplies. Sales 50 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 30@33c, on time.

SEEDS—There is a fair amount of Cloverseed coming forward, and it is in good demand at an advance of 25c. Sales of 1000 bushels at $5,75@6 ₱ 64 pounds for prime new; $5,50@5,75 for old, closing at our highest figures. Timothy is selling in lots at $2@2,12½ ₱ bus. Flaxseed is wanted at $1,69@1,70.

SPIRITS—In Brandy very little doing, and prices are drooping. Sales of N. E. Rum at 37@38c. Whiskey is held firmly; sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio bbls at 24@25c; hhds at 23½c, and drudge at 22½c.

SUGAR—There is a good demand for the better grades, but inferior sorts are neglected. Prices are less firm. Sales of 100 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 7¼@7¾c on time.

TALLOW continues scarce. City Rendered is worth 10½c, cash.

TOBACCO—There is a good inquiry for both Manufactured and Leaf, but the latter is generally held for advanced prices, and above the views of buyers.

WOOL—There is a good demand both from the local and Eastern manufacturers, and prices have an upward tendency. Sales of 180,000 pounds, from 33 to 52c ₱ lb, cash, the latter rate for extra fine quality.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 2, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis		Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes ¼ dis		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford no sale		Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore ¼ dis		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis		OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis		KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	1 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old banks	3 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis		TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	5 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis		CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks ½ to 1½ dis			

THE childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. —*Milton.*

THE COMET.

The comet blazes in the evening sky with a lustre which is nightly increasing. It is now the most brilliant and attractive object in the heavens, and nightly there are thousands of eyes turned towards it, watching the progress it has made. It will be nearest the earth on the 9th of October, when it will be fifty-two millions of miles distant. It will then have nearly twice its present brilliancy. According to Mr. Hall's computation, the tail of this comet on the 23rd instant, extended to the length of fifteen millions of miles. This comet is known as that of Donati, being discovered by him June 2nd. It was first supposed to have an elliptic orbit, and hence it was inferred that it is the same comet which appeared in 1827. But more accurate observations lead to the opinion that a parabolic orbit will better represent the motion of the comet than an elliptic. If so, this conspicuous visitor does not belong to our solar system, is now within it probably for the first time, and will soon leave it to visit some other. Notwithstanding the progress that has been made in astronomy, as little is known about comets now as when astronomy was in its infancy. The most that has been done is to determine the periodicity of some of them, but regarding their character and the causes of the singular appearances they present, science is as much at fault as when they were first observed. Over twenty of them are known to be periodical, or belonging to our solar system with various periods of revolution. At this time there are three visible, one only, however, Donati's, without the aid of the telescope. One of the telescopic comets is Encke's, which revolves around the sun in the short period of 3¼ years (forty months) with nearly the regularity of a planet, and which, when most distant, or in aphelion, is not beyond the orbit of Jupiter. The third is a new comet, and is said by astronomers to have no resemblance to that of 1,536, or the famous "comet of Charles the 5th," with which it was first thought to be identical. It is now in the circle of perpetual apparition in our latitude, or revolves around the Pole without setting. There have been recorded by astronomers about seven hundred comets in all, of which the orbits of about one hundred and eight have been calculated. The periodic revolutions vary from three years to several thousand years. Some approach in their perihelion so near to the sun as to be heated to a white heat, as some suppose, though possibly, like a great many other suppositions, this may be very erroneous. Although the number of comets is so large, there are comparatively few which appear to the naked eye; only about fourteen in a century. But, to the telescope, hardly a year passes without the observation of one or more. In 1840 four were seen, in 1848 there were eight.

Professor Mitchell, of the Cincinnati Observatory, has been observing the comet, and he gives the following description of it. He says it has been steadily approaching the earth, and in a direction so nearly coincident with the visual ray, that but for the reliable computations of astronomers, might well excite anticipation of some fearful collision with our own planet. Indeed, throughout the present month it seems to have been plunging downward so exactly towards the earth, that it scarcely changed its apparent place among the fixed stars by a quantity larger than two or three times the apparent diameter of the moon.

"It will reach its nearest approach to the sun in a few days. Its brilliancy will increase rapidly up to the close of the first week in October, when it will put on its most splendid appearance, and will then rival in grandeur the famous comet of Halley, at its last return in 1836. The comet will soon commence to change direction, at first slowly, afterward more rapidly, as seen from the earth, when sweeping swiftly round the sun, it will regain those distant regions of space wherein a vast proportion of its orbit lies far beyond the reach of telescopic vision."

The Professor calls attention to a nebulous ring, half way around the nucleus, with a diameter varying from 18,000 to 24,000 miles, in case it is entire. Through the vast depth of nebulous matter composing the tail, the faintest telescopic stars shine with undiminished brightness.

ACOUSTIC TUNNELS.—ANOTHER WONDER.

In these days so full of wonders as the electric telegraph, the railroad, the daguerreotype, and a dozen other startling inventions, the public is constantly, as in the days of Saint Paul at Athens, seeking for "some new thing" greater than the last. As the transmission of intelligence in a short time seems now the order of the day, I beg leave to send you a copy of an article from Doctor Dicks's works, on the subject of Acoustic Tunnels for the transmission of sound, believing that great improvements can be made in them, especially since the discovery of gutta percha, and that we may be able some time or other to *talk* to John Bull across the great Atlantic Ocean. Experiments were made in Paris by M. Biot on the transmission of sound through air in very long tubes, and through solid bodies. These experiments were made through long cylindrical pipes, which were constructed as conduits for fountains to embellish the city of Paris. With regard to the velocity of sound, it was ascertained that its transmission was ten and a half times as quick as through the air. The pipes were over one thousand and thirty-nine yards in length. M. Biot was stationed at one end, and a friend at the other; they heard the lowest voice so perfectly as to hear the words and keep up a conversation on the subject of the experiments. They wished to determine the lowest point at which the human voice seemed to be audible, but could not accomplish it; words spoken as low as when we whisper a secret to another were understood, *so that not to be heard there was but one resource—that of not speaking at all.* Between a question and answer the interval was not greater than for the transmission of sound. The time in the experiment through one thousand and thirty-nine yards was about five and a half seconds. Reports of a pistol fired at one end occasioned a considerable explosion at the other; the air was driven out of the pipe so as to give the hand a smart blow, and to drive light substances out of it to the distance of half a yard, and to extinguish a candle. Don Gautian, another savan, proposed to build horizontal tunnels, widening at the remoter extremities, and found, at the distance of nearly half a mile, the ticking of a watch could be heard *far better than close to the ear.* He calculates that a series of such tunnels or pipes would convey a message nine hundred miles in an hour. The advantages of such tunnels must be obvious, they might be laid between railroad stations; across rivers, and even between cities. The day will probably come when they will be perfected so as to be used as much for long distances as they are now in many large manufactories, and even in dwellings, on a small scale, and known as *speaking tubes.*

L. W. G., *in Press.*

FUNNY MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.—A Paterson paper tells a funny story of a matrimonial adventure that occurred in New Jersey: We learn that there is a report that a girl by the name of Catharine Maria May was to have been married to Andrew R. Bush, at Yawpongh, Bergen county, on Saturday night, the 4th ultimo. The company was all assembled and the ceremony about to take place. The minister and bride were waiting the arrival of the happy-to-be-made young man. He was soon espied coming toward the house dressed for the occasion, and arrived at the gate where he was met by her father, who prevailed on him to go back, and would not allow him to enter the house. After this the party sat down to supper, after which the girl was married to John Odell who had been invited as one of the guests.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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Will cure Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., etc.
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For sale at the Principal Office, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	—	—
" " '67	—	—
" " '68	—	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103	103¼
Phila 6 pr ct	99½	99¾
" " new	100	100½
" 5 "	95	96
Pitts 6 pr ct	65	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	51	51½
" County 6 pr ct	—	—
Penn R R issue	85	—
Penn 6 pr ct	100	—
" 5 " coupon	93½	94
" 5 "	90	90½
Tenn 6 pr ct	99¾	99¾
" coupon	78	79¾
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	103
Missouri 6 "	84½	84¾
Ohio 5 " 1886	107	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	94½	—
Virginia 6 "	93½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	88	—
Ca. State 7 pr ct new bonds	83	—
N York City 6 pr ct	—	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	137	137½
Philadelphia	115	—
Far & Mec	89	89½
Commercial	48	48
N Liberty	27	28
Mechanics	27½	29
Southwark	75	76
P Township	54½	55½
Kensington	63	65
Girard	11¾	11¾
Western	65	68
Man & Mech	26	27
Commerce	63	65
Tradesman's	60	—
City	47½	—
Consolidation	25	25½
Commonwealth	21	21½
Corn Exchange	24¼	24
Germantown	57½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	58	58
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky Ky.	115	117½
Northern "	118	120
Louisville "	107	108
Farmers "	119	123
Union, Nash, Tenn	100½	100½
Planters "	100	101
N O Gas Light	123	125
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	23
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	½	1
New Grenada	½	1
N America Ins'nce	12½	14
N Liberties "	20	—
Southwark & Frankford R R	52½	60
Bonds	90½	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100	100½
2nd " "	83	90
stock	43¾	44
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	89	90
stock	111	111½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	79	80½
mort 6's '44	91	92
" '58	93½	70½
stock	23½	23¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	83½	84
stock	—	36½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	32	35
6 pr ct loan '80	103	103¾
Chas Val R R	78	33½
Tioga R R	75	87
Williams & Elmira 1st mort	54	73½
2d "	43½	43
stock	10½	10½
Catawissa	8½	8½
Beaver Meadow stock	55	55½
preferred 10 pr ct	50	—
North Penna R R stock	10	23
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	52½	56½
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	59½	60
Har and Lan R R stock	58	58½
bonds '83	94	95
L. Schuylkill R R stock	24	25
Long Island R R Stock	11½	12
bonds	79	—
Erie R R stock	16	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central "	81¼	—
Michigan Central "	92	—
Illinois "	89	—
Michigan Southern	23½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	69½	69½
imp. 6 pr ct	66½	70
stock	8¾	9½
preferred	16	16
Lehigh Nav stock	49	50
mort 6 pr ct	96	97½
scrip	12	53½
Morris Conn'd	41	43½
preferred	101½	101½
Clev & Del	39½	45
bonds	77½	80
Union	3	5
Loans	35	37
Sus & Tidewater	—	5
bonds 1878	46½	47

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.
JONES' SALOONS, 777 and 779 Arch Street.

MEATS.			
Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ℔	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ℔	9 a10
Sirloin steak "	16	Breast and Neck "	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	3 a5
Chuck pieces "	8 a10	Whole carcase "	8 a 9
Plates and navels corned "	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ℔	8
Leg, each	50 a62½	Hind "	10
Shin "	20 a25	Chop "	12½
Kidney "	8 a12½	Cutlet "	12½
Livur, ℔	5 a 9	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ℔	14 a16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Sp. l and fresh, ℔	10 a12
Hind "	1,00a1,25	Feet, ℔ set	12½a25
Chop, ℔	10 a12	Tripe, ℔	4 a 6
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard "	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.			
Onions ℔ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ℔ basket	1,25	Do do, ℔ ℔	6 a 8
New pot's (N J), ℔ bus	81,00a1,25	Corn pot's, ℔ bus	85a97
Sweet potatoes, ℔ ℔	6½	Onions, bus	80
Corn, ℔ basket	75	Egg plants, each	12 a16
Cabbages, ℔ head	2 a10	Tomatoes, ℔ basket	37½a50
		Squashes, ℔ basket	37½a62½
FRUIT.			
Apples, ℔ bkt	2,00a2,50	Cantaloupes	1 a 3
Do ½ pk	25 a31	Watermelons	12½ a25
Do finest	37½ a5	Sickle Pears, ℔ pk	50
POULTRY AND GAME.			
Spring Chickens, ℔ pair	50 a87	Read Bird, ℔ doz	81,00
Chickens, ℔ pair	75 a1,25	Rail, ℔ doz	25 a 37
Teal, ℔ pair	62 a1,00	Chickens, ℔ ℔	10 a12½
		Sab Pig'me, pair	25 a37
SHELLFISH.			
Oysters (Absecom) ℔ bbl	50 a75	N Y do, ℔ bbl,	10,00 13,00
Do, ℔ M	16,00a20,00	Terrapins (Chesa & Del)	5,00 a6,00
Morris River Cove, ℔ M	10,00 a12,00	Lobsters, ℔	16
		Clams, M	2,00a2,50
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Butter, ℔	21 a25	B ns Fish, ℔	12
Roll "	22 a28	Salt do, ℔	11
Eggs, doz	18 a20	Mackerel	10
Codfish	6 a 8	Sm'kd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	a 6	Honey, ℔	20 a25
Hambut, ℔	12½	Smear case, cake	2

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 2.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour unsettled; sales of 8000 bbls at $4,95@5,10 for State, $5,50@5,70 for Ohio, and $5,30@6,70 for Southern. Wheat very dull and nominally 1@2c lower. Corn heavy, 15,000 bushels sold at 69@73½c for white and 96c for yellow. Pork steady at $16,90 a17 for mess and $14,75@14,90 for prime.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	11	11	11	11
Middling	13½	13½	13¾	13¾
Md'ling fair	13½	13½	14	14½

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. DAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. sr11-18t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. A. C. Thomas, Dr. THOMAS J. TURNER, U. S. Navy, to Miss SUE KING.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. GEORGE HOFFMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH B. HAYMAN, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Caliboper, Mr. VALENTINE W. BROWN, Jr. to Miss MARIA A. BENDER, both of Camden.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Mann, Mr. FRANCIS BRUNNER, to SOPHIE F. daughter of John Spielberger, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. WILLIAM N. DOAK, to Miss MATILDA PARK, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Mr. RICHARD BROWN, to Miss ANNA ORLEY.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Douglass, Mr. JOHN D. SEVELLE, of St. Augustine, Fla. to Miss SARAH A. daughter of Mr. Thos. J. Dorsey, of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. CHARLES C. WARWICK, to Miss MARY MORRISON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. MARY BROWN, aged 26 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH MORGAN, aged 66 years.

On the 24th ultimo, MARY, relict of the late Capt. Chas. Hilbourn, aged 78 years.

On the 28th ultimo, FLEURINE V. PRIBARD, aged 22 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. HANNAH EVANS, aged 83 years.

On the 27th ultimo, THOMAS KELLY, aged 46.

On the 28th ultimo, Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, aged 57 years.

On the 28th ultimo, WILLIAM FLOYD, aged 33.

On the 28th ultimo, ELIZA ANN, wife of F. W. Armstrong, aged 24 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. CHARITY PRICE, aged 71 years.

On the 26th ultimo, Miss ANNIE E. BRANIGAN, aged 18 years.

In Camden, N. J. on the 25th ultimo, Mrs. RACHEL, wife of R. Copeland, aged 68 years.

On the 26th ultimo, JANE ANDERSON.

MAN UPON THE SEA.—A HISTORY OF MARITIME ADVENTURE AND DISCOVERY, from the earliest period to the present time; giving a detailed account of Remarkable Voyages of Exploration in all ages of the world. By Frank B. Goodrich, author of the Court of Napoleon, &c. One volume, 8vo.; illustrated with 150 engravings. Price $3.

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The subject of the volume is one of the most interesting.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Very interesting, comprising the achievement of all the great navigators and discoverers.—*N. O. Delta.*

A book of unusual interest and value.—*Nashville Patriot.*

Truly interesting and instructive.—*Norfolk Argus.*

We know of no work more satisfactory to the reader of cultivated mind, and at the same time more intelligible to the unlearned.—*North American.*

The publication of this work is a substantial addition to the standard literature of the times, that can hardly fail to be amply repaid by the public of both Hemispheres.—*Washington Star.*

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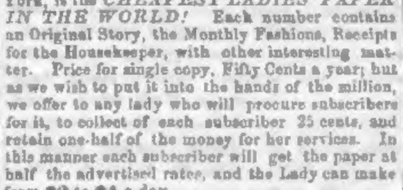

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On occasion of the fire, 19th July, by which we suffered a large loss, our store with a number of other buildings was consumed. The Safe of your manufacture, which we had in the store, was exposed to a most intense heat, as is well attested by the effects on its strong iron frame, which from its flaked and scaly appearance looks as though it had been heated for a long time in a furnace. The Safe, with heaps of molten glass, and kegs of nails, *fused into a mass*, fell into the cellar, surrounded by burning materials, and there was suffered to remain (as the contents had been removed before the fire reached us) until the 2nd of August, 14 days afterwards.

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Punctual attendance is required, that recitations may be held in all the classes on the following day.
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September 30, 1858. oct9-4t

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It is emphatically an edition for the people; and, judging from the rapid sale with which it is meeting, it is fully appreciated by them.—*Christian

Wit and Humor.

BOB WADDEN'S HORSE TRADE.

"You know Bob Wadden, I guess," said Uncle Mike.

"Not that I recollect," I replied.

"Well, Bob was an amazin' hand at tradin' horses, and generally came out ahead, too. I never knew him really girdled and the underbrush cut but once."

"How was that, Uncle Mike?"

"Why, you see, Bob had been gettin' a gray horse in some of his dealins, that was jist about as nice a horse to look at as ever put his nose through the rack sticks; he was a human lookin' horse, and nothin' shorter; he was always lookin' arter stars, and carried his tail like the national flag on the 4th of July; but he wouldn't work—he was above it; he'd almost stop when he saw his shadow followin' him for fear he might be drawin' it."

"'Now, then,' says Bob, 'some individual is bound to be picked up.'

"So makin' an excuse that old Gray's shoes wanted fixin', he sent him to the blacksmith's, harnessed up his t'other horses, hitched them to a wagon load of stone, drove down to Sam Hewitt's, stopped before the door, took out the near horse and harnessed up the gray in his place, went in, took a drink and waited around till some feller should come along who wanted to speculate. He hadn't waited long when he seen some feller comin' down the road like all creation, his horse under a full run, while he was sawin' the bits and hollerin' 'wo, wo!' with all his might and main. He managed to stop him after a little by Sam Hewitt's, and turning him around, he come up a slappin' his hands and in a tearin' passion with his horse."

"'He's never ready to stop,' says he, 'that horse ain't; an' though he's the best horse I ever owned, yet I'm determined to get shut of him.'

"Well, just then, out comes Bob, and mounted his wagon, just as if he was goin' to drive off, when, says he, 'Hallo, stranger, perhaps you'd like to deal with me for a steady one?'"

"'Why, yes,' said the stranger, 'I would like something a little more quiet than that go-ahead, snap-dragon rascal of mine.'

"So Bob looked at the sorrel, and found him a square-built animal, his eye full of fire, and every muscle in play."

"'Well,' says Bob, after a few words with me, 'there's my gray—here's your sorrel; what's your proposition?'

"'Now your talking,' said the stranger, examining the gray as he stood hitched to the load of stone; 'I'll give you sorrel and the best forty-dollar cloak in my wagon for the gray?'

"'Done,' said Bob, 'just unhitch.'

"Neither of them asked t'other questions, 'cause neither of them wanted to answer any. The horses were exchanged. Bob had got his cloak, and the stranger got into his wagon, took up his lines, and 'biddin' 'em good-bye, was about to start, when gray put a stop to it, and wouldn't budge a hair. In vain did the stranger whip and coax—not an inch could he get. There sat Bob, laughing in his sleeve, *almost ready to burst, to see how the stranger* was trying to start and couldn't. Not a word did the stranger say, however, but after he had got quite tired, and had given up trying it any more, he came and sat down on the horse-block. Bob thought he might as well be going; so, picking up the ribbons—'go along,' says he. The sorrel turned his head and looked back at him, as much as to say, 'don't you wish I would?' but didn't stir or pull. In vain Bob coaxed and patted; sorrel was there and wasn't anywhere else."

"'Well, I reckon it's my turn to laugh now,' said the stranger; 'I suppose you'll call again when you come to town.'

"'Oh, never mind,' said Bob, 'sorrel will go, or else you couldn't get here with him.'

"'Oh, yes,' said the stranger, 'you can start him if you'll only bring some shavings and kindle a fire under him, as I did.'

"Then he laughed agin, and when I came away, they were playin' a game of cards to see which should take 'em both."

The Beauty Foiled.—On the Norfolk circuit, Barrister Lee was retained for the plaintiff in an action for a breach of promise of marriage; when the brief was brought him, he inquired whether the lady for whose injury he was to seek redress was good-looking. "Very handsome, indeed, sir!" was the assurance of Helen's attorney. "Then, sir," replied Lee, "I beg you will request her to be in court, and in a place where she can be seen." The attorney promised compliance; and the lady, in accordance with Lee's wishes, took her seat in a conspicuous place. Lee, in addressing the jury, did not fail to insist with great warmth on the "abominable cruelty" which had been exercised towards "the lovely and confiding female" before them, and did not sit down until he had succeeded in working up their feelings to the desired point. The counsel on the other side, however, speedily broke the spell with which Lee had enchanted the jury, by observing that his learned friend in describing the graces and beauty of the plaintiff had not mentioned one fact, namely, that the lady had a *wooden leg!* The court was convulsed with laughter, while Lee, who was ignorant of this circumstance, looked aghast; and the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant.—*Poison's Law and Lawyers.*

Putting a Rather Fine Point Upon It.—The prosecuting attorney of one of our Maryland counties is a gentleman who evidently believes in the effect of eloquence in juries. In prosecuting a murderer, and in stating the case to the jury, he adverted feelingly to the sad fate of the prisoner's victim, and said: "Gentlemen, the poor victim of this man's hellish malice was suddenly ushered into the presence of his God; without warning, with no time for preparation, he was sent unanointed and unannealed, either to enjoy the rewards of the blessed, or to suffer the *annoyances* of the damned!"—*Knickerbocker.*

A PLEASANT EXCURSION.

Steward, Adding Insult to Injury.—"Will either of you gentlemen dine on board? There's a capital hot dinner at three o'clock."

K. N. Proper, Esq., of the Comet.—These heavenly bodies resemble snakes in being all head and tail. They are unlike snakes in having a very fiery appearance; red snakes, much to the regret of naturalists, being astonishingly rare. Comets lead a very irregular life, and are a scandal and disgrace to all their connections. We have seen the eagle descend from a great height and take the newly-acquired means of subsistence from the industrious hawk, flying away from the astonished bird as quickly as he came. Before the hawk recovers the ordinary use of his senses, the eagle is lost to sight, and not particularly dear to memory. The efforts of the comet are attended with the same disgraceful success. Watching his opportunity, he rushes down when the sun is so distracted by his many cares as to see nothing apart from them; and taking from that unsuspecting luminary as much fire-wood as would last him, if frugally used, twice the length of his natural life, flies away to his own country—wasting incredible quantities of light and heat, as he goes, in vulgar and ridiculous display. He has the unblushing audacity to come back again, after a few years, sometimes very much shorn of his splendor, and presenting a very ordinary appearance indeed. When sufficiently near, he repeats his disgrace, and provides himself with a new tail. Comets frequently rise to that pitch of vanity and extravagance, that they will unfeelingly sport two, three, and even six tails, at one and the same time, flaunting them in the very face and eyes of the injured sun. But justice at last overtakes the offender; six-tailed comets are never seen but once.—*Knickerbocker.*

A Nuisance Abated.—Jack Larboard, a disabled sailor, undertook to cultivate and decorate his grandmother's flower garden in front of the old mansion house at Wellfleet. The daisies, and the dandelions, and the daffy-downdillies were springing up beautifully, to the great delight of the crippled floriculturist. But an immense cat of the masculine gender committed depredations in the premises almost nightly, scratching up the roots, tearing off the stalks, &c. At length, embracing his opportunity, Jack, with a sudden lunge of his spade, nearly deprived the intruder of its entire caudal elongation. "Where's my cat?" sharply inquired its lady owner over the way. "Ah, ha!" said Jack, "he'll not trouble me any more. I caught him this morning, unshipped his rudder, set him off before the wind, and blow me if he'll ever be able to steer his way back again."—*Post.*

Pleasant Scene in a Court Room.—The following ludicrous scene took place in a New York Marine Court, between two gentlemen of the bar—the one rather fat, and the other rather small:—

Brother Fat—(To the Court.)—"I don't care what Mr. ——— says; he is only a mosquito, and I don't mind the sting."

Brother Small.—"I beg your pardon, Mr. ———; but it is a fact in natural history, that mosquitoes never sting hogs."

Brother Fat.—"Is it so, Mr. ———? then you had better inform your acquaintances of it, they'll be glad to hear of it."

Brother Small—"Allow me then, Mr. ———, to communicate the fact to you, among the first."

Here the Court, amid a roar of laughter, called the gentlemen to order.

Scientific Paradoxes.—The water which drowns us as a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystalized part of the oil of roses, so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we drink daily, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst, augments it when congealed into snow; so that Captain Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." But if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox the more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.—*Blackwood.*

AMERICAN BEAUTY.

The Newport correspondent of the *Boston Courier*, whose initials ("G. S. H.") vouch that he is one of the most competent of judges as well as the most graceful of writers to treat of such a subject, writes thus of the characteristics of American female beauty:—

* * * * * * * * *

But there was something that outdid them all; and that was a beautiful face I had the pleasure of sitting opposite to. I shall not give you the least intimation of the name or whereabouts of the owner of this face; suffice it to say that she was a wife and a mother, and thus wearing on her brow the perfect crown of womanhood. Vain would it be for me to attempt to convey to you the charm of this countenance by any enumeration or inventory of its features—by telling you of the rich dark hair, so massive and yet so soft, and braided as Raphael would have braided it—of the steel-gray eyes, spirited and sweet, under such eye-brows and eye-lashes as would have made any eyes handsome—of the clear, pellucid complexion, as delicate as it is possible to be and not lose the charm of health—of the pure and sculptured lines of the cheek and chin—of a mouth gently grave in repose, but easily rippling into the most dazzling smiles. All this gives you no notion of the sweetness, the purity, the refinement, the gentle-heartedness, the ethereal peace that breathed from this lovely face, and threw over it a charm not borrowed from form or color. And her dress, of simple white muslin, high in the throat, with purple ribbons, could not have been improved if a committee of artists had prescribed it.

I have been somewhat about the world, my dear C., and as you know I have an eye in my head; and I assure you there is nothing on earth so fine as American beauty in its rarest and highest type—such as was here before me. Its leading and characteristic trait is that of extreme refinement; of fineness in its literal and exact sense, as opposed to coarseness. In no country so often as in our democratic America will you see faces that look as if they were the perfect result of many generations of the most select and fortunate influences. This peculiar charm is often found in such excess, as to become almost a defect; from its so inevitably suggesting fears of evanescence and early decay.

Why should I not be permitted to rave a little, in this absurd way, upon the subject? Why should beauty gather all its tributes from lovers, poets, and boys? Why may not mature age, long tried and trained by life, lay an offering on this altar? What beauty is there like that of the human face? Milton in that pathetic passage in which he sums up the deprivation of his blindness, puts last, and as the climax of his bereavement, his losing sight of the "human face *divine*:" no lightly-considered or chance-gathered epithet. Had the light of day again visited those dim orbs, can we doubt that their first glance would have sought some human face? It is one of the compensations in growing old, or at least ceasing to be young, that our sensations if less strong are finer, more ethereal if less tumultuous. The serene emotion which the sight of beauty now awakens within me I would not exchange for the more impetuous fervors, the coarser thrills, of twenty-five. Certainly I never looked upon a new-blown rose with a more passionless admiration than upon this fair young creature who had crossed my path but for a moment, and yet thrown upon it a perennial satisfaction; for if a "thing of beauty" be "a joy forever," how much more is a being of beauty.

A Good Place for the Free Love Ladies to Emigrate To.—The country around Berber, Eastern Africa, is celebrated for a breed of horses known as Dongolas, and much admired in Egypt. They are black, with four white feet. The women, according to Charles Didier, a recent French traveller, are remarkably beautiful, and enjoy a considerable amount of liberty, for, as their husbands are frequently away on business, they like to cheer their solitude by visitors. Perhaps this is the reason why divorces are so frequent at Berber; and there is a singular custom connected with them. If the first husband repent, he can, although remarried, take back his first wife; for this purpose, he need only repudiate the second. But there is a very singular feature connected with this: during the few days demanded by legal exigencies, the first wife has the right to choose a provisional husband. If he please her she adheres to him, and thus the fickle husband, who so recently had two wives, suddenly finds himself without either.

Agricultural.

CLEANING SEED WHEAT.

John Johnson, of Genova, one of the most thorough and successful farmers in this country, as all our readers know, says that he quit raising chess *twenty-eight* years ago—by never sowing it. He has not raised a bushel of it in all that long period on his extensive wheat farm. Thirty-seven years ago, he obtained eight bushels of chess in every hundred of wheat. His mode of cleaning seed is the same in substance that we have practiced thirty years ago, but will bear repetition, and we therefore give it as recently described by him:—

My plan is to take out the fanning-mill riddles, some call them screens; I call the lower one only a screen—it takes out mustard-seed and cockle *in part*. After the riddles are out, take off the shaking rod, or at least the one nearest the wings or fans; then let one man turn the wings or fans by the crank or handle, as usual; let another pour the wheat into the hopper from a basket or any other vessel—a tin pail answers very well—let him pour the wheat in regularly and not very fast, if much chess. Let the man turning, keep up a steady wind; he need not turn very fast. Have a boy, or a girl, or a man, or a woman, if you choose, to take back the clean wheat as it comes down from the mill, and I will guarantee that every chess seed will be blown out. The man pouring in the wheat ought to be the best, to make sure that the man turning does not slack up too much, or that he don't stop turning until the wheat and chess are all out of the hopper, else it may fall down among the clean wheat. If the wheat is 60 pounds to the bushel or over, very little, if any, will be blown out with the chess. As considerable will lay on the cockle and mustard screen, when that is going to be put down it is safest to scrape back the upper part with the hand, because if there is chess anywhere among the wheat, it will be there. Now, if this is done precisely as I direct, and if the wheat is not made entirely free of chess, unless three chess seeds should be sticking together, which is sometimes the case with the top seeds on the main stalk, in that case there may be such left in the wheat, still a little more wind will blow them out. If any man will try it and cannot do it, send for me, and if I cannot do it to perfection, I won't ask them to pay my travelling expenses.

We have met with many farmers who asserted that they sowed perfectly clean seed, and yet had an abundance of chess—but on closely examining such seed, spreading it out thinly, we could always find plenty of the seeds of chess; sometimes enough to make ten thousand grains in a bushel, and yet pass entirely unnoticed by a casual observer. Travelling once with a friend who "believed in chess," we offered to prove to him that all seed claimed as clean, was foul, and proposed to examine the seed we should find at the residence of a good farmer we were about to call on. The wheat was accordingly called for and closely examined—handful after handful, but no chess could be found! "What," said we at last in despair, "do you never raise any chess here? I do not find any." "No!" was the emphatic answer, "no chess grows on this farm! We never saw any—we have cleared the farm of such foul stuff long ago—and we find it never grows unless it is sown."

A Remedy for Heaves.—S. Hall, of Auburn, N. Y., says that the following prescription is a sure cure for the heaves:—One half ounce each of aloes, assafœtida, flour of lavender, fenyseek, rose-water, saltpetre, sarsaparilla, spirits of nitre, anise seed, camphor gum, and three-fourths of an ounce Spanish flies, all put into a jug containing one quart of alcohol. The quantity to be given is one teaspoonful every other morning—give nine times.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Inverted Posts.—A correspondent of the Wisconsin Farmer says that in 1802, his father set two bar-posts, cut of swamp white-oak, the stick being split into halves, and one set inverted, the other not. The latter was decayed twenty years afterwards—the inverted one, when he last visited the place forty years after setting, was as sound as ever.

Fruit Trees near Barn-Yards.—We have known peach trees to grow four feet in a year when planted on the margin of a barn-yard, and others every way else alike, away from the barn yard but eight inches. Fine crops of peaches and apples may be had by setting the trees around such yards.

Aloin for the Hog Cholera.—Last May my hogs were attacked with Hog Cholera, and upon mentioning it to a friend, he spoke of a suggestion published in a Cincinnati paper, advising the use of alum. I procured some—made a strong solution—all the water would bear, and drenched all I found with the disease upon them, and gave to the lot (about 100 head) a pound of pulverized alum in some mill feed each day for two weeks, by which time all remaining seemed healthy. Out of twenty-two drenched with one pint of the solution to each—administered with the assistance of a rope behind the tusks, and a horn with small end sawed off—I lost five head, and with the exception of two, the remaining seventeen appear to have entirely recovered to a healthy, thrifty condition. Some of those which have recovered, were in the last stage—vomiting, with the red blotches on the skin, and bleeding at the nose, which I have always considered the last stage of the disease. The above is but little cost, and if it is as successful as with me, is well worth the trial. J. T. Warder. *Springfield, Ohio, in Country Gentleman.*

Weeds for Feeding Swine.—A lady farmer in New Hampshire boils the weeds, which her little boys collect about the premises, then cuts them up and adds a little bran and the kitchen slops, and feeds the mixture to her pig. It likes the feed and thrives upon it, and she thinks that weeds thus boiled are worth as much as the same bulk of potatoes. It is very common to feed weeds to pigs, but we never heard of their being boiled for the purpose before. Many kinds, they eat heartily, raw, and any useful disposal of them is to be commended.—*Country Gentleman.*

Sore Necks of Oxen.—Every farmer is aware that the necks of working oxen are apt to become sore in wet weather. To prevent it, occasionally rub a little tallow on the yoke and bows.

Useful Receipts.

The Way to have Fresh Tomatoes Without Self-Sealing Cans.—Some afternoon, when you think everything will be killed with frost at night, pull up your vines that are loaded with green tomatoes, and hang them in the cellar; they will ripen off finely. I took some from my cellar last Christmas day, that were very nice.

[J. C. Norton writes as above to the *N. E. Farmer.* It is exactly as he says. The tomatoes may be pulled off the vines if need be, and laid on the cellar floor, and will gradually ripen—though probably not so well.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

How to Start Yeast.—A lady in Minnesota wishes to know how to start yeast. I will give my way. Boil a handful of hops in about a quart of water ten or fifteen minutes, strain it boiling; put in a couple of handfuls of flour, stir it up, set it where it will be moderately warm. It will ferment and work all the lumps out. It is generally ready for use in about a week or ten days. Put it in a jug and cork tight. Shake well before using.—*Cor. of Prairie Farmer.*

Leaking Cow's Teats.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer says, dip the end of the teat in strong alum-water twice a day, for several days, and the leak will cease.

Moths in Carpets.—*The following* remedy is better than camphor or any other volatile repeller. Wring out a crash towel, and spread it smoothly on the carpet, wherever moths are suspected or detected. Then iron it dry with a hot iron, repeating if necessary. The hot steam will penetrate the carpet (not injuring the color at all) and kill both worms and eggs.

Skunk Scent Exterminator.—The editor of the Medina Gazette tells of a skunk being captured in a house by a dog, with the usual result of disgust to the victors. The terrible scent was neutralized by burning tar upon live coals of fire, by which the air was purified as by magic. If this kind of fumigation is a sure specific, it deserves to be known and put upon record.

Wine Making.—Mr. Geo. W. Wheeler, of Hartford, Vt., says:—"In looking over the Post, I saw that Mr. W. A. H. wishes information on making wine. My experience is to gather my grapes—the common black bunch grape—let them get somewhat mellow, then crush and press them. To one gallon of the juice put one gallon of water; let it stand a week without being stirred. Then draw the liquor carefully off, and to each gallon of the mixture put four pounds of good sugar. Let it ferment in a temperate situation; and when fermented, stop it tight. In the course of three or four months it will be fit to bottle. Mr. H. will find the above receipt very good, if he finds no better."

The Philosophy which affects to teach us a contempt for money, does not run very deep; for, indeed, it ought to be still more clear to the Philosopher than it is to the ordinary man, that there are few things of greater importance. And so manifold are the bearings of money upon the lives and character of mankind, that an insight which would search out the life of a man in his pecuniary relations, would penetrate into almost every cranny of his nature.

He who knows, like St. Paul, both how to spare, and to abound, has a great knowledge; for if we take account of all the virtues with which money is mixed up—honesty, justice, generosity, charity, frugality, forethought, self-sacrifice, and their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity; and a right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man.—*Portsmouth Chronicle.*

Black and White.—The Charleston (S. C.) correspondent of the N. Y. Picayune, says:—"You are aware that the yellow fever is raging here at this time, and that we have a large class of Irish and German population, as well as some few niggers. One day last week an Irishman was passing along Calhoun street, and in passing an old negro woman, he jostled her off the sidewalk. 'Dere, now,' says she, 'dat is all you micks are good for—to run over poor colored folks, and come here, get the yellow fever, and die, and den give the city a bad name.'"

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 13, 15, 14, 5, is one of the Eastern States.
My 2, 3, 3, 2, 14, is an island west of Scotland.
My 3, 3, 1, 22, 9, 10, 7, 5, is a town on the east coast of England.
My 4, 22, 20, 19, is an island west of Scotland.
My 5, 6, 14, 8, is a famous volcano.
My 6, 5, 14, 14, 5, 22, 22, 5, 5, is one of the Western States.
My 7, 2, 18, 23, 26, is a bay west of Florida.
My 8, 9, 3, 2, is a town in Hindostan.
My 9, 2, 20, 20, 19, 6, 4, 14, is a town in Sumner county, Tennessee.
My 10, 23, 5, 14, 14, 4, 14, 5, 22, is a range of mountains in Italy.
My 11, 10, 14, 7, 5, is one of the Ionian Islands.
My 12, 5, 2, is an island in the Grecian Archipelago.
My 13, 20, 22, 22, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 14, 13, 23, 20, 5, 22, is a division of Italy.
My 15, 22, 20, 15, 23, is a town in Suffolk county, Long Island.
My 16, 17, 25, 16, 5, 22, is a large river in Asia.
My 17, 22, 15, 17, is one of the grand divisions of the earth.
My 18, 15, 20, 19, 14, is the capital of Lombardy and Venice.
My 19, 25, 14, is a cape on the east coast of the United States.
My 20, 4, 18, 19, is the capital of Peru.
My 21, 20, 16, 4, 5, 3, 22, is a kingdom of Africa.
My 22, 23, 2, 4, 14, is a country of Europe.
My 23, 24, 22, 2, is a city in Italy, famous for its leaning tower.
My 24, 6, 8, 20, 15, 17, was the ancient name for Italy.
My 25, 2, 25, 6, 5, 22, is a seaport of France.
My 26, 3, 7, 2, is a gulf on the west coast of Turkey in Europe.

My whole is the name of a celebrated Prima Donna. COAST SURVEY.

Beaufort, N. C.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 2, 11, 7, 4, is a species of salts.
My 2, 7, is a river in Italy.
My 3, 6, 8, 7, is the first name of a Queen of England.
My 4, 10, 8, is the noblest work of God.
My 5, 7, 6, 5, 3, 8, is a group of isles west of Greece.
My 6, 3, 2, 10, is a county in California.
My 7, 9, 1, 11, 11, 3, is a town in Russia.
My 8, 7, 11, is a Latin pronoun.
My 9, 1, 11, 6, 3, is a river in Russia.
My 10, 6, 8, is a cape on the coast of Massachusetts.
My 11, 5, 10, 4, is a gulf south-west of Cochin China.

My whole was a famous Theban General.

Danville, Ky. D. B. WAGGENER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is important to many a trade;
Our meal by its potent assistance is made;
And still its assistance for you or for me,
Will enable our progress by land or by sea.
A slave to no wind, to no current a slave,
It rolls through the tempest, it foams through the wave.
My second you'll find in a *great* many rivers,
And often a steamboat it knocks into shivers,
But then if my first be held firm in the hand,
The steamboat glides safe, never touching the land.
My third is what all who love boating oft do,
And dyspeptics have found it good exercise too,
'Tis something that sailors, and other men, know,
And it causes the life-boat to speedily go.
My whole is a carriage,—it moveth of course,
But I trow that it moveth by aid of no horse,
It is frequently found in a working-man's yard,
And never before has been sung by a bard.
Now, reader, go, patiently ransack your mind,
And see if this riddle's solution you'll find.

Nashville, Tenn. J. F.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is what we all do;
My second's the name of a female;
My third is a pronoun;
My whole is a celebrated opera.

N. Y. "NED T. B."

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is either good or bad;
In my deep second dwelleth truth.
My whole's a word whose sound is sad
Unto the ear of age or youth.

GAHMEW.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The profit on a certain article sold is 25 per cent. Now take 25 cts. from the cost, and add to the gain, and the profit will be equal to 33⅓ per cent. What is the cost of the article?

J. GOODMAN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a beauty like the engine on a railway? Ans.—Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, transports mails, (males,) and makes us forget time and space.

☞ Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Ans.—Because losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

☞ What is the difference between a fickle minded person and a miser? Ans.—One changes his mind and the other minds his change.

☞ The Very Worst Even Thought Of.—When does a gardener deserve hanging? Ans.—When he plots trees on (treason)!!!

☞ Nearly as Bad.—How should a miller address his lady-love? Ans.—In the language of *flours*, to be sure!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Territory of Utah. CHARADE—Partridge (Partridge-trap). REBUS—Lee (Lion-Euphrates-Edward). RIDDLE—Texas. PROBLEM—25 acres and nearly 110 perches.

In answer to D. D.'s Question, published Aug. 7th, Artemas Martin and C. P. Waldo send us nearly the same answer: A travelled 58.5787 miles, B travelled 41.4213 miles before meeting.